

Accessions

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The
W O R K S
of
SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the fifth :

containing,

King John ;
Richard II ;
Henry IV, Part I ;
Henry IV, Part II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

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May, 1873

KING JOHN.

Persons represented.

John, *King of England :*

Prince, his Son ; afterwards, Henry III :

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, his Nephew.*

Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and Bigot, *Lords.*

Robert, *Son of a Sir Robert Faulconbridge :*

Philip, *his bastard Brother, begotten by K. Richard.*

Hubert, *Confident of K. John.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

an Officer under Hubert, a Servant,

Herald, and two Messengers, English.

Pandulph, *the Pope's Legate. Duke of Austria.*

Philip, *King of France :*

Dauphin, his Son ; afterwards, Lewis VIII.

Chatillion, and Melun, *Lords.*

Herald, and Messenger, French. a Citizen of Angiers.

Elinor, *the Queen-Mother :*

Lady Blanch, her Grand-daughter.

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard and Robert.

Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants.

Sheriff, Herald, Citizens, Officers and Soldiers.

Scene dispers'd ; in England, and France.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*
Enter King JOHN, attended; ELINOR, the Queen-Mother ;
Pembroke, ESSEX, Salisbury, and Others. King takes his
State ; Enter CHATILLION, usher'd.

JOH. Now, say, *Chatillion*, what would *France* with us?

CHA. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of *England* here.

ELI. A strange beginning; borrow'd majesty!

JOH. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHA. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To *Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine*:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

JOH. What follows, if we disallow of this?

CHA. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

JOH. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; so answer *France*.

CHA. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

JOH. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay. —
An honourable conduct let him have; —
Pembroke, look to't: — Farewel, *Chatillion*.

[*Exeunt Pem. and CHA.*]

ELI. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease,
'Till she had kindl'd *France*, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

JOH. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

ELI. Your strong possession, much more than your
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: [right;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none, but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire,
and whispers Essex.*

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,

That e'er I heard; Shall I produce the men?

JOH. Let them approach. — [Exit Sheriff; and
Re-enters, with Philip, the Bastard Faulconbridge,
and ROBERT his Brother.

Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay
This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

BAS. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

JOH. And what art thou?

ROB. The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

JOH. Is that † the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BAS. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may. [ther,

ELI. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mo-
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

BAS. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

JOH. A good blunt fellow: — Why, being younger
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? [born,

BAS. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;
 But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
 (Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
 Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
 If old fir *Robert* did beget us both,
 And were our father, and this † son like him; —
 O old fir *Robert*, father, on my knee
 I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

JOH. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

ELI. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face,
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
 Do you not read some tokens of my son
 In the large composition of this man?

JOH. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
 And finds them perfect *Richard*. — Sirrah, speak,
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bas. Because he hath a half-face, like my father:
 With that half-face would he have all my land;
 A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year.

ROB. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
 Your brother did employ my father much; —

Bas. Well, fir, by this you cannot get my land;
 Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

ROB. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
 To *Germany*, there, with the emperour,
 To treat of high affairs touching that time:
 The advantage of his absence took the king,
 And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
 Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
 But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
 Between my father and my mother lay,
 (As I have heard my father speak himself)

When this † same lusty gentleman was got :
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time :
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

JOH. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives : Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's.
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bas. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELI. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Bas. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir *Robert's* his, like him ;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
 My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes;
 And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it every foot to have this † face;
 I would not be fir *Nob* in any case.

ELI. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bas. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear. —
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bas. Our country manners give our betters way.

JOH. What is thy name?

Bas. *Philip*, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old fir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son. [bear'ft:

JOH. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou
 Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great;
 Arise fir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*. [knighting him.

Bas. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
 My father gave me honour, yours gave land: —
 Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
 When I was got, fir *Robert* was away.

ELI. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*! —
 I am thy grandame, *Richard*; call me so. [tho'?

Bas. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: — What
 Something about, a little from the right,
 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch :

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

Jon. Go, *Faulconbridge* ; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire : —

Come, madam, — and come, *Richard*, — we must speed
For *France*, for *France* ; for it is more than need.

Bas. Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to thee !
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Anti-room of the same.*

Enter Bastard.

Bas. A foot of honour better than I was ;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady : —

Good-den, sir Richard, — *God-a-mercy, fellow*, —

And, if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter* :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller, —

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize

My piked man of countries : — *My dear sir*,

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin)

I shall beseech you, — That is *Question* now ;

And then comes *Answer* like an a-b-c. book : —

O, *sir*, says *Answer*, at your best command ;

At your employment ; at your service, *sir* : —

No, *sir*, says *Question* ; I, sweet *sir*, at yours :

And so, ere *Answer* knows what *Question* would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the *Alps*, and *Apennines*,
 The *Pyrenean*, and the river *Po*)
 It draws toward supper in conclusion.
 But this is worshipful society;
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion too, deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the foot-steps of my rising.
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and Servant.

O me! it is my mother: — How now, good lady?
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lad. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chace mine honour up and down?

Bas. My brother *Robert*? old sir *Robert's* son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
 Is it sir *Robert's* son, that you seek for?

Lad. Sir *Robert's* son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
 Sir *Robert's* son: Why scorn'st thou at sir *Robert*?
 He is sir *Robert's* son; and so art thou.

Bas. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Ser. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Baf. *Philip!* sparrow: *James*,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Madam, I was not old fir *Robert's* son;
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir *Robert* could do well; Marry, to confefs,
Could he get me? fir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work: Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this leg.

Lad. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Baf. Knight, knight, good mother, *Basilisco* like:
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not fir *Robert's* son;
I have disclaim'd fir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it mother?

Lad. Hast thou deny'd thyself a *Faulconbridge*?

Baf. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lad. King *Richard Cœur-de lion* was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Baf. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their priviledge on earth,

And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, —
 Subjected tribute to commanding love, —
 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 'The awless lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hand :
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. Before Angiers.

*Drums, &c. Enter AUSTRIA, and Forces, on one side :
 on the other, King PHILIP of France, and his Power ; LEWIS,
 ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, and Attendants.*

LEW. Before Angiers well met, brave *Austria*. —
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that rob'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come ;
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John* :
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ART. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death ;
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love ;
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, duke.

LEW. A noble boy ! — Who would not do thee right ?

Aus. Upon thy cheek lay I this † zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : 'till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CON. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aus. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

PHI. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town. —
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages : —
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmen's* blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CON. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord *Chatillion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLION.

PHI. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger *Chatillion* is arriv'd. —
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; *Chatillion*, speak.

CHA. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unsettl'd humours of the land, —
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens, —
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,

Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in christendom. [Drums.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

PHI. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aus. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Flourish. Enter King JOHN, and his Power:
 Bastard, and Lords, with him; ELINOR, and
 Lady BLANCH.

JOH. Peace be to *France*; if *France* in peace permit
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not; bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

PHI. Peace be to *England*; if that war return
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that *England's* sake,
 With burden of our armour here we sweat:
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face;
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 This little abstract doth contain that large,

Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume :
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
 And this † his son ; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
 And this is *Geffrey's* ; In the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'er-maifest? [*France*,

JOH. From whom hast thou this great commission,
 To draw my answer from thy articles? [thoughts,

PHI. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
 And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

JOH. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

PHI. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

ELI. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, *France*?

CON. Let me make answer ; — thy usurping son.

ELI. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
 That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world.

CON. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
 Than thou and *John* in manners ; being as like,
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
 His father never was so true begot ;
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

ELI. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CON. There's a good grandame, boy, that would blot thee.

Aus. Peace!

Baf. Hear the cryer.

Aus. What the devil art thou?

Baf. One that will play the devil, fir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

BLA. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Baf. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides*' shews upon an afs: —
But, afs, I'll take that burthen from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aus. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

PHI. *Lewis*, determine what we shall do straight.

LEW. Women, and fools, break off your conference. —
King *John*, this is the very sum of all, —
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

JOH. My life as soon; — I do defy thee, *France*, —
Arthur of *Bretagne*, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of *France* can win:
Submit thee, boy.

ELI. Come to thy grandame, child.

CON. Do, go, child, go; go to it's grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it's grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandame.

ART. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were low lay'd in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

ELI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CON. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes;
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these cristal beads heaven shall be brib'd,
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELI. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CON. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is lay'd on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

JOH. Bedlam, have done.

CON. I have but this to say,—
That he's † not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin:
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

ELI. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

CON. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandame's will.

PHI. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill befits this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, *Arthur's*, or *John's*.

Trumpet. Enter certain Citizens on the Walls.

I. C. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

PHI. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

JOH. *England*, for itself:

You men of *Angiers*, and my loving subjects, —

PHI. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

JOH. For our advantage; — Therefore, hear us first.
These flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these *French*,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, —

Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
 And now, instead of bullets, wrapt in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears :
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

PHI. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young † *Plantagenet* ;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it ; namely, this young prince :
 And then our arms, like to a muzl'd bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, — with a blessed and unvext retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,—

We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace,
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;
 Though all these *English*, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

I. C. In brief, we are the king of *England*'s subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

JOH. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

I. C. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
 Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.

JOH. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the king?
 And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England*'s breed,—

BAS. Bastards, and else.

JOH. To verify our title with their lives.

PHI. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

BAS. Some bastards too.

PHI. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

I. C. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

JOH. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

PHIL. Amen, amen! — Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bas. Saint George, — that swing'd the dragon, and, e'er
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door, — [since,
Teach us some fence! — Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [to Auf.] with your lions,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aus. Peace; no more.

Bas. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

JOH. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bas. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

[Exeunt English.

PHIL. It shall be so; [to Lew.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right!

[Exeunt French.

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Alarums, as of a Battel join'd; Excursions;
afterwards, Retreat. Enter a French Herald,
with Trumpets, to the Gates.*

F. H. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim

Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with Trumpets, to the same.

E. H. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*, ring your bells;
King *John*, your king and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with *Frenchmen's* blood;

There stuck no plume in any *English* crest,
That is removed by a staff of *France*;

Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our lusty *English*, all with purpl'd hands,

Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

I. C. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured:

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted

Both are alike; and both alike we like. [power:

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Flourish. Enter King JOHN, and his Power, on one Side,
Bastard, ELINOR, BLANCH, &c: On the other, King PHIL-
LIP, and French, AUSTRIA, and LEWIS.*

JOH. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

Whose passage vex with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;

Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

PHI *England*, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of *France* ;
Rather, lost more : And by this † hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate over-looks, —
Before we will lay down our just-born arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scowl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupl'd to the name of kings.

Bas Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry, havock, kings ! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindl'd spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; 'till then, blows, blood, and death !

JOH. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

PHI. Speak, citizens, for *England* ; who's your king ?

I. C. The king of *England*, when we know the king.

PHI. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

JOH. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here ;
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

I. C. A greater power, than ye, denies all this ;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-bar'd gates :

Kings are our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd. [kings;

Bas. By heaven, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
'Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades;
Even 'till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingl'd colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

JOH. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—*France*, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bas. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—[to *Phi.*
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

PHI. Let it be so : — Say, where will you assault ?

JOH. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

AUS. I from the north.

PHI. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BAS. “ O prudent discipline ! From north to south ; ”

“ *Austria* and *France* shoot in each other's mouth : ”

“ I'll stir them to it : ” — Come, away, away !

I. C. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,
 And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
 Win you this city without stroke, or wound ;
 Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds,
 That here come sacrifices for the field :
 Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

JOH. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.

I. C. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
 Is near to *England* ; Look upon the years
 Of *Lewis* the dauphin, and that lovely maid :
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch* ?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch* ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young dauphin every way compleat ;

If not compleat, o say, he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,
 Two such controuling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 To give you entrance : but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
 So free from motion ; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bas. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs !
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of *France* :

'Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad. [match;"]

ELI. "Son, [to Joh.] list to this conjunction, make this
"Give with our neice a dowry large enough:"

"For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie"

"Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,"

"That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe"

"The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit."

"I see a yielding in the looks of *France*;"

"Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls"

"Are capable of this ambition;"

"Left zeal, now melted, by the windy breath"

"Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,"

"Cool and congeal again to what it was."

I. C. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

PHI. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city ; — What say you ?

JOH. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this † book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

PHI. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's face.

LEW. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
 'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*courts in dumb Shew.*]

Baf. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,—
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,—
 And quarter'd in her heart;—he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there should be,
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

BLA. My uncle's will, [*to Lew*] in this respect, is mine:
 If he see ought in you, that makes him like,
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you, [judge)
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 That I can find should merit any hate. [niece?

JOH. What say these young ones? What say you, my

BLA. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say. [lady?

JOH. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this

LEW. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

JOH. Then do I give *Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,*

Poitiers, and *Anjou*, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of *English* coin. —

Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands. [hands.

PHI. It likes us well; — Young princes, close your

Aus. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

PHI. Now, citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint *Mary's* chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —

Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop? —

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much: —

Where is she, and her son; tell me, who knows?

LEW. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

PHI. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure. —

Brother of *England*, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

JOH. We will heal up all:

For we'll create young *Arthur* duke of *Bretagne*,

And earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. — Call the lady *Constance*;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity: — I trust, we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[*Citizens come from the Walls; and Exeunt, to the
Town, the two Kings, and their Powers, LEWIS,
AUSTRIA, ELINOR, BLANCH, &c.*

Bas. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop *Arthur's* title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, (whose armour conscience buckl'd on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose
But the word—maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, — there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, — there is no vice, but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

CON. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
 Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*? and *Blanch* those provinces?
 It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:

And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
 With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CON. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die. —
Lewis marry *Blanch*! o, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*! what becomes of me? —
 Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
 The news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CON. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ART. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CON. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
 Ugly, and scandalous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of displeasing blots, and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, o !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John* ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on *France*
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king *John* ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping *John* : —
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

CON. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth

[*throwing herself upon it.*

Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Flourish. Enter the two Kings, and their Train ; *BLANCH*,
LEWIS, *ELINOR*, Bastard, and *AUSTRIA*.

PHI. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day

Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
 The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holy-day.

CON. A wicked day, [*rising.*] and not a holy day:—
 What hath this day deserv'd, what hath it done;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
 Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
 But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
 No bargains break, that are not this day made:
 This day, all things begun come to ill end;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

PHI. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CON. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
 Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is clad in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league:—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, o, hear me !

Aus. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Con. War, war, no peace ; peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges, o Austria, thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villany ;
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ; thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aus. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven ! —
 To thee, king *John*, my holy errand is.

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milan* cardinal,
 And from pope *Innocent* the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
 Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen archbishop
 Of *Canterbury*, from that holy see?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

JOH. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope:
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*:
 Add thus much more,—That no *Italian* priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

PHI. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

JOH. Though you, and all the kings of christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;

Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PAN. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

CON. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PAN. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

CON. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

PAN. *Philip of France*, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

ELI. Look'st thou pale, *France* ? do not let go thy hand.

CON. Look to that, devil ; lest that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUS. King *Philip*, listen to the cardinal.

BAS. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUS. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because —

Bas. Your breeches best may carry them.

JOH. *Philip*, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

CON. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

LEW. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend:
Forego the easier.

BLA. That's the curse of *Rome*.

CON. O *Lewis*, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

BLA. The lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

CON. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

JOH. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

CON. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

AUS. Do so, king *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Bas. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

PHI. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

PAN. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

PHI. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupl'd and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves :
 And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this feisure, and this kind regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy fir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAN. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to *England's* love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breath her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

PHI. I may disjoin † my hand, but not my faith.

PAN. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself;
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is yet amiss when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion:
 By which, thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st by;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath, the truth thou art unsure.
 Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn;—
 Else, what a mockery should it be, to swear?—
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows against thy first
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions.
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then, know,
The peril of our curses light on thee ;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aus. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baf. Wilt not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

LEW. Father, to arms !

BLA. Upon thy wedding-day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp ?

O, husband, hear me ! — aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth ! — even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my † knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

CON. O, upon my † knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

BLA. Now shall I see thy love ; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

CON. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour ; — O, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour !

LEW. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAN. I will denounce a curse upon his head. [thee.

PHI. Thou shalt not need : — *England*, I will fall from

CON. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

ELI. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy !

JOH. *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BAS. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

BLA. The sun's o'er-cast with blood; Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

LEW. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lives.

BLA. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

JOH. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of *France*.

PHI. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

JOH. No more than he that threatens.—To arms, let's shie!

SCENE II. *The same. Field of Battle.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd; Excursions:

Enter Bastard, with a Head.

BAS. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head, lie † there;

While *Philip* breaths.

[*Alarums.*

Enter King JOHN, with Arthur, Prisoner;

Hubert following.

[*up;*

JOH. There, *Hubert*, keep this † boy: — *Philip*, make
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bas. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums; Excursions; after-ward, a Retreat.

Flourish. *Enter King JOHN, and ELINOR; Bastard,*
ARTHUR, HUBERT, Lords &c. [*hind,*

JOH. So shall it be; [*to Eli.*] your grace shall stay be-
So strongly guarded. — Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandame loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ART. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

JOH. Cousin, away for *England*; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their imprison'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bas. Bell book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness: — Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

ELI. Farewel, my gentle cousin.

JOH. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.

ELI. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[to Arthur, drawing him aside.

JOH. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

JOH. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,— But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,

To give me audience: If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drouzy race of night;

If this fame were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins;

Making that ideot, laughter, keep mens' eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes)

11 tune 24 on into

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not: Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that, what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

JOH. Do not I know, thou would'st?
 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
 On yon † young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

JOH. Death.

HUB. My lord?

JOH. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

JOH. Enough.

I could be merry now: *Hubert*, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember. — Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

ELI. My blessing go with thee!

JOH. For *England*, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, and PANDULPH.

PHI. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of collected fail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PAN. Courage, and comfort! all shall yet go well.

PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of *France*?

LEW. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

PHI. Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Lady CONSTANCE, her Hair dishevel'd.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

CON. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

PHI. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle *Constance*!

CON. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife : Misery's love,
 O, come to me !

PHI. O fair affliction, peace.

CON. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

PAN. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CON. Thou art not holy, to bely me so ;
 I am not mad : this hair, I † tear, is mine ;
 My name is *Constance* ; I was *Geffrey's* wife ;
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad ; — I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget ? —
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :

I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

PHI. Bind up those tresses : — O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

CON. To *England*, if you will.

PHI. Bind up your hairs.

CON. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meager as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

6 fiends 21 be true, I

PAN. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CON. He talks to me, that never had a son.

PHI. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

CON. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. —
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*throwing away her Head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord! my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit, wildly.*]

PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit K. PHI.*]

LEW. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowzy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

PAN. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAN. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
 'Tis strange, to think how much king *John* hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his prisoner ?

LEW. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

PAN. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to *England's* throne : and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd *Arthur* ; and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd :
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall ;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall ?

PAN. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did:

PAN. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
 For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it :
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life,
 But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAN. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him ;
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
 And, o, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have nam'd ! the bastard *Faulconbridge*
 Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity : If but a dozen *French*
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand *English* to their side ;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbl'd about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
 For *England* go ; I will whet on the king.

LEW. Strong reasons make strong actions ; Let us go

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, and certain Officers of the Castle.

HUB. Heat me these † irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

I. O. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't. —
[Exeunt Officers.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ART. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ART. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ART. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey's* son?
 No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

HUB. "If I talk to him, with his innocent prate"
 "He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:"
 "Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch."

ART. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. "His words do take possession of my bosom."—
 Read $\neq$ here, young *Arthur*.—"How how, foolish rheum!"
 "Turning spiteous torture out of door?"
 "I must be brief; lest resolution drop"
 "Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears."—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ART. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ART. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ART. Have you the heart? When your head did but
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ART. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears;
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but *Hubert's*.

HUB. Come forth.

Re-enter Officers, with a Cord, the Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ART. O, save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ART. Alas, what need you be so boistrous-rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still:
 For heaven's sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor winch, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. *O.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

ART. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart: —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ART. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ART. O heaven! — that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ART. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*!
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ART. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extrems: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this † burning cole;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ART. An if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends ;
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, fee to live ; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ART. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace ; no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ART. O heaven ! — I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King JOHN, crown'd ; the Lords
PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and Others, attending :
King takes his State.*

JOH. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

PEM. This once again (but that your highness pleas'd)
Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubl'd not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SAL. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light
'To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

PEM. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

SAL. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

PEM. When workmen strive to do better than well,
'They do confound their skill in covetousness :
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the flaw,
Than did the flaw before it was so patch'd.

SAL. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

JOH. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (then lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To found the purposes of all their hearts)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety; for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise :
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,

Than whereupon our weal (on you depending)
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

JOH. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. — *Hubert*, what news with you?

[taking him apart.]

PEM. This is the man, should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubl'd breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

PEM. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

JOH. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand: —

[turning to the Lords.]

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

PEM. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

JOH. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

SAL. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,

That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

PEM. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury* ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus born ; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

JOH. “ They burn in indignation ; I repent : ”
“ There is no sure foundation set on blood ; ”
“ No certain life atchiev'd by others' death. ”—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather ; How goes all in *France* ?

MES. From *France* to *England*— Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

JOH. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care ;
That such an army could be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it ?

MES. My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust ; the first of april, dy'd
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Constance* in a frenzy dy'd

19 v. *Note.* 24 comes

Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

JOH. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in *France*?—
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mef. Under the dauphin.

Enter Bastard, and PETER of Pomfret.

JOH. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bas. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

JOH. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breath again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Eas. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travel'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's † a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,
That, ere the next ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

JOH. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say so?

PET. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

JOH. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:

Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin;

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bas. The *French*, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.

Besides, I met lord *Bigot*, and lord *Salisbury*,

(With eyes as red as new-enkindl'd fire)

And others more, going to seek the grave

Of *Arthur*, who, they say, is kill'd to-night

On your suggestion.

JOH. Gentle kinsman, go,

And thrust thyself into their companies:

I have a way to win their loves again;

Bring them before me.

Bas. I will seek them out.

JOH. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before: —

O, let me have no subject enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —

Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels;

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bas. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit Bastard.

JOH. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman. —

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,

And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit Messenger.*]

JOH. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

HUB. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

JOH. Five moons?

HUB. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkl'd brows, with nods, with rowling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer † thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
That were embattel'd and rank'd in *Kent*:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

JOH. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke

JOH. It is the curse of kings, to be attended [me?
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life :
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law ; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUB. Here † is your hand and seal for what I did.

JOH. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation !
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Makes deeds ill done ? Hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind :
 But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

JOH. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
 Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parly with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood :
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

JOH. Doth *Arthur* live ? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR on the Walls, disguis'd.

ART. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down : —

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[leaps, and is sore wounded.

O me, my uncle's spirit is in these stones! —
 Heaven take my soul, and *England* keep my bones! [dies.

Enter the Lords PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at faint *Edmondsbury*;
 It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEM. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SAL. The count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*;
 Whose private with me, of the dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SAL. Or, rather, then set forward; for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bas. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
 The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

SAL. The king hath dispossest himself of us;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
 Return, and tell him so; we know the worst. [best.

Bas. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were

SAL. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bas. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

PEM. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Baf. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

SAL. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*seeing Arthur's Body.*]

PEM. O death, made proud with pure and princely
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. [beauty!]

SAL. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

BIG. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SAL. Sir *Richard*, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEM. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this † heinous spectacle.

Baf. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

SAL. If that it be the work of any hand,—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king: —
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling † before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

PEM. BIG. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT, hastily.

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death: —
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

HUB. I am no villain.

SAL. Must I rob the law?

Bas. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

SAL. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

HUB. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say;
 By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIG. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

HUB. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

SAL. Thou art a murderer.

HUB. Do not prove me so;

Yet I am none : Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

PEM. Cut him to pieces.

Bas. Keep the peace, I say.

SAL. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

Bas. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury* :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIG. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge* ?
Second a villain, and a murtherer ?

HUB. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

BIG. Who kill'd this † prince ?

HUB. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

SAL. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stiff'd with this smell of sin !

BIG. Away, toward *Bury*, to the dauphin there !

PEM. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bas. Here's a good world ! — Knew you of this fair
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [work ?
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

HUB. Do but hear me, fir.

Baf. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black — nay, nothing is fo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*:
There is not yet fo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou fhalt be, if thou didft kill this † child.

HUB. Upon my foul,—

Baf. If thou didft but consent
To this moft cruel aét, do but despair,
And, if thou want'ft a cord, the fmalleft thread
That ever fpider twifted from her womb
Will ferve to ftrangle thee; a rufh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ft thou drown thyfelf,
Put but a little water in a fpoon,
And it fhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ftifle fuch a villain up.
I do fufpect thee very grievoufly.

HUB. If I in aét, consent, or fin of thought,
Be guilty of the ftealing that fweet breath
Which was embounded in this † beauteous clay,
May hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Baf. Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lofe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy doft thou take all *England* up!
From forth this † morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, the truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and *England* now is left
To tug, and fcamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-fwellng ftate:
Now, for the bare-pickt bone of majefty,

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that † child,
 And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
 A thousand businessses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, attended ; PANDULPH, with
 the Crown ; his Train, and Others.*

JOH. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

PAN. Take again [*giving back the Crown.*]
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

JOH. Now keep your holy word : go meet the *French* ;
 And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are enflam'd.
 Our discontented counties do revolt ;
 Our people quarrel with obedience ;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty :
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualify'd.

Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present med'cine must be minist'red,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAN. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms.

[Exit PANDULPH and Train.

JOH. Is this ascension-day ? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bas. All *Kent* hath yielded ; nothing there holds out,
But *Dover* castle : *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

JOH. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive ?

Bas. They found him dead, and cast into the streets ;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd and ta'en away.

JOH. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Bas. So, on my soul, he did, for ought he knew.

But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 Let not the world see fear, and sad mistrust,
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire,
 Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away ; and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field :
 Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den ?
 And fright him there ; and make him tremble there ?
 O, let it not be said ! Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors ;
 And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
 Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parly, and base truce,
 To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

JOH. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Bas. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Plain in Suffolk.

Drums, &c. Enter LEWIS, and Forces, marching; Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, SALISBURY, and Others.

LEW. My lord *Melun*, let this † be copy'd out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this † metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; o, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury* :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —

And is't not pity, o my grieved friends,
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What here? — O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That *Neptune's* arms, who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
 Where these two christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

LEW. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
 Do make an earth-quake of nobility.
 O what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As *Lewis* himself : — so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

PAN. Hail, noble prince of *France* !
 The next is this, — King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome* ; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of *Rome* :
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in shew.

LEW. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
 I am too high-born to be property'd,
 To be a secondary at controul,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 'To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindl'd the dead coal of wars
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindl'd it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;
 And come ye now to tell me, *John* hath made
 His peace with *Rome*? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome*'s slave? What penny hath *Rome* born,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown;
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PAN. You look but on the outside of this work.

LEW. Outside, or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —

[*Trumpet within.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard, attended.

Bas. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak :—
My holy lord of *Milan*, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAN. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bas. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well :— Now hear our *English* king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd fauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed *Englishman*;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebl'd here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

18 unheard 20 this Pig—

No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody *Neroes*, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEW. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ;
 We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee well ;
 We hold our time too precious, to be spent
 With such a brabler.

PAN. Give me leave to speak.

Baf. No, I will speak.

LEW. We will attend to neither : —

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Baf. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
 Sound but another, and another shall,
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
 And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
 (Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
 Is warlike *John* ; and in his forehead sits
 A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

LEW. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bas. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

SCENE III. The same. Field of Battle.

Loud Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and HUBERT,

JOH. How goes the day with us? o, tell me, *Hubert*.

HUB. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

JOH. This fever, that hath troubl'd me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go.

JOH. Tell him, toward *Swinstead*, to the abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Was wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but even now:
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

JOH. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—

Set on toward *Swinstead*: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same. Another Part of the same.

Alarums continu'd. Enter PEMBROKE, Bigot,

SALISBURY, and Others.

SAL. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

PEM. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SAL. That misbegotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEM. They say, king *John*, fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, led.

MEL. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.

SAL. When we were happy, we had other names.

PEM. It is the count *Melun*.

SAL. Wounded to death.

MEL. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king *John*, and fall before his feet;
For, if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at saint *Edmundsbury*;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible! may this be true!

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, If *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning creft

Of the old, feeble, and day-weary'd sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your king;
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

SAL. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king *John*.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Fight in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
 And happy newness, that intends old right.
 [Exeunt, leading off *MELUN*.]

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, and his Train.

LEW. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When *the English* measur'd backward their own ground
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needful shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good-night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mes. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

LEW. Here; What news?

Mes. The count *Melun* is slain; the *English* lords,
 By his persuasion, are again slain off:
 And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on *Goodwin* sands.

LEW. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
 I did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
 King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEW. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
 The day shall not be up so soon as I.
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Swinstead. Plains leading to the Abbey.*

Enter Bastard, and HUBERT, meeting.

HUB. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bas. A friend: What art thou?

HUB. Of the part of *England*.

Bas. Whither dost thou go?

HUB. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
 Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Baf. Hubert, I think.

HUB. Thou haft a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ft my tongue fo well:
Who art thou?

Baf. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'ft befriend me fo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

HUB. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyelefs night,
Have done me shame: Brave foldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should fcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Baf. Come, come; fans compliment, what news abroad?

HUB. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Baf. Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUB. O my sweet fir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortlefs, and horrible.

Baf. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

HUB. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almoft fpeechlefs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the fudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Baf. How did he take it? who did tafte to him?

HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels fuddenly burft out: the king
Yet fpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Baf. Who didft thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUB. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince *Henry* in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Baf. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power! —
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These *Lincoln* wafhes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The same. The Abbey-Garden.*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and Bigot.

HEN. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptedly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEM. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.

PEM. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extreams,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible: and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing!
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SAL. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter Attendant, and Bigot, bringing in
King JOHN in a Chair.*

JOH. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

HEN. How fares your majesty?

JOH. Poison'd, -- ill fare; -- dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold: I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

HEN. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

JOH. The salt of them is hot. —

Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard, hastily.

Bas. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

JOH. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should fail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this † thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bas. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[King sinks in his Chair, and expires.]

SAL. You breath these dead news in as dead an ear :—
My liege! my lord!— But now a king; now † thus.

HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this † was now a king, and now is clay!

Bas. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought ;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.

SAL. It seems, you know not then so much as we :
The cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bas. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well-finewed to our defence.

SAL. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bas. Let it be so ; — And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

HEN. As *Worcester* must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bas. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my † knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

SAL. And the like tender of our loves we make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

[*kneeling too, with the other Lords.*

HEN. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bas. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This *England* never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt, bearing in the Body.*

RICHARD II.

Persons represented.

King Richard the second:

John of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster*; } *his Uncles.*
Edmond of Langley, *Duke of York*; }
Henry, *sirnam'd*—*Bolingbroke, Son to Gaunt*;
 afterwards, King Henry the fourth.

Duke of Aumerle, Son to York.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Northumberland: Henry Percy, his Son.

Earl Berkley. Earl of Salisbury.

Lord Rofs. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Bushy, Green, and Bagot; Creatures of Richard.

Sir Stephen Scroop. Sir Pierce of Exton.

Captain of a Band of Welshmen. Two Heralds.

a Gardiner. Richard's Keeper. a Groom.

Serv. of York: Serv. of Exton: Serv. of the Gardiner.

Isabel, Richard's Queen.

Dutchess of Gloster.

Dutchess of York.

Lady, attending the Queen.

Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd; in England, and Wales.

RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King RICHARD, attended; John of GAUNT,
and other Nobles, with him.

RIC. Old *John of Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaster*,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold son;
Here to make good the boistrous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

GAU. I have, my liege.

RIC. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAU. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

RIC. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE,
NORFOLK, and Others.*

BOL. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

NOR. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

RIC. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

BOL. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

NOR. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubl'd down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever *Englishman* durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

BOL. Paletrembling coward, there I throw † my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
I will make good against thee, arm to arm,

What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

NOR. I take it $\dagger$ up ; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

RIC. What doth our cousin lay to *Mowbray's* charge ?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOL. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;—
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of *Gloster's* death ;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement ;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

Ric. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

Ric. *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou ly'st.
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburf'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For *Gloster's* death,—
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly beg'd

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,—
 It issues from the rancor of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my † gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

Ric. Wrath-kindl'd gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the duke of *Norfolk*, you your son.

Gau. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of *Norfolk's* gage.

Ric. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gau. When, *Harry* ? when ?
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

Ric. *Norfolk*, throw down ; we bid ; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;
 The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 (Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here ;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

Ric. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage ; Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-bar'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

Ric. Cousin, throw up your gage ; do you begin.

Bol. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin !
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight ?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* face.

[*Exeunt GAUNT, and Others.*]

Ric. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At *Coventry*, upon saint *Lambert's* day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settl'd hate ;

Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry. —

Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter GAUNT, and Dutchess of Gloster.

GAU. Alas, the part I had in *Woodstock's* blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.

But, since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Gloster*, —
One vial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root, —
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, *Gaunt*, his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we intitle — patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is — to 'venge my *Gloster's* death.

GAU. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dut. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

GAU. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dut. To heaven? why then, I will. Farewel, old *Gaunt*.
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight :
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast!
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be *Mowbray's* fins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back;
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford* !
 Farewel, old *Gaunt* ; thy sometime brother's wife,
 With her companion grief must end her life.

GAU. Sister, farewell ; I must to *Coventry* :
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dut. Yet one word more ; Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

I take my leave before I have begun ;

For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York*.

Lo, this is all : — Nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him — O, what ? —

With all good speed at *Plasby* visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old *York* there see,

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,

Unpeopl'd offices, untrodden stones ?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?

Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where :

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III. Coventry. A publick Place.

Lifts set out, and a Throne : Herald, and People, waiting.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd ?

AUM. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly all and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUM. Why then, the champions are prepar'd ; and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter

*King RICHARD, to his Throne ; GAUNT, and
Train of Nobles, &c. with him, who all take their Places.*

Trumpet heard: Answer'd by another Trumpet from within; and Enter NORFOLK, in Armour, preceded by a Herald.

Ric. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Nor. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, duke of *Norfolk*;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of *Hereford* that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Trumpet. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in Armour;
Herald too with him.*

Ric. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou
hither
Before king *Richard* in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven.

BoL. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,*
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king *Richard*, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpet.

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BoL. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For *Mowbray*, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

Ric. We will descend and fold him in our arms.

[coming from his Place; Gau. and Aum. with him.]

Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BoL. O, let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.—

My loving lord, I take my leave of you ; —
 Of you, my noble cousin, lord *Aumerle* ; —
 Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
 But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath. —
 Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regreet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
 O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head, —
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of *John of Gaunt*,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

GAU. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
 Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
 Rouze up thy youthful blood ; the valiant live.

BOZ. Mine innocency, and saint *George* to thrive !

NOR. However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king *Richard's* throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary. —
 Most mighty liege, — and my companion peers, —
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :

As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

Ric. Farewel, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—

[*returning to his Seat, with the Lords.*

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance †; And God defend the right!

Bol. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this † lance [*to an Officer.*] to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.

1 *H.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *H.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*Trumpets sound a Charge.*

But stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

Ric. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*a long Flourish of Trumpets, &c.*

Draw near, [to the Combatants, advancing.]
 And list what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of cruel wounds, plough'd up with neighbour's sword;
 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set you on
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
 Therefore we banish you our territories:—
 You, cousin *Hereford*, upon pain of death,
 'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOL. Your will be done: This must my comfort be, —
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

RIC. *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
 The hopeless word of—never to return—
 Breath I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
 A dearer merit, not so deep a main
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native *English*, now I must forego :
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony :
 Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my goaler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

Ric. It boots thee not, to be compassionate ;
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus † I turn me from my country's light,
 To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Ric. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

[*tend'ring it to them.*]

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
 To keep the oath that we administer : —
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
 Nor never look upon each other's face ;
 Nor never write, greet, nor reconcile
 This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate ;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOL. I swear.

NOR. And I, to keep all this.

BOL. *Norfolk*, so far as to mine enemy ;—

[*approaching, with Salutation.*

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

NOR. No, *Bolingbroke* ; If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege :—now no way can I stray ;
Save back to *England*, all the world's my way.

[*Exit NORFOLK*

RIC. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOL. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

GAU. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,

My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

Ric. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gau. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
 Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
 Thy word is current with him for my death,
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
 Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gau. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
 You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
 You would have bid me argue like a father:—
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more mild;
 A partial slander sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.—
 Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,—
 I was too strict, to make mine own away;
 But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
 Against my will to do myself this wrong.

Ric. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
 Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Exeunt* RICHARD, and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
 From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

GAU. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

BOL. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAU. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOL. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAU. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

BOL. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAU. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

BOL. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

GAU. The fullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

BOL. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

GAU. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee, my son,
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly born.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 The grafs whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd ;
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

BOL. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in *December* snow,
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

GAU. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way :
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

BOL. Then *England's* ground, farewell ; sweet soil, a-
 dieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, —
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the Palace.
Enter RICHARD, with GREEN, and Bagot, as in Talk ;
AUMERLE following.

RIC. We did observe. — Cousin *Aumerle*,

How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

AUM. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

RIC. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

AUM. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

RIC. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

AUM. Farewel:

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd bury'd in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

RIC. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and *Busby*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oister-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
 As were our *England* in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GRE. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels which stand out in *Ireland*;—
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

RIC. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter BUSHY, hastily.

Bushy, what news?

BUS. Old *John of Gaunt* is very sick, my lord;
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

RIC. Where lies he?

BUS. At *Ely*-house.

RIC. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately!
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our foldiers for these *Irish* wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
 Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Ex.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.*GAUNT, *upon a Couch*; YORK, and Others,
by him.

GAU. Will the king come? that I may breath my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

YOR. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

GAU. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breath truth, that breath their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and musick at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

YOR. No; it is stop'd with other flattering sounds, —
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious meeters; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Reports of fashions in proud *Italy*;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base awkward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAU. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;
 And thus, expiring, do foretel of him : —
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves :
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder ;
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of *Mars*,
 This other *Eden*, demy paradise ;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this *England*,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For christian service, and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulcher in stubborn *Jury*
 Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son ;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leaf'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD, and Queen; Aumerle, Green,
 Bagot, Bushy, Ross, and WILLOUGHBY.*

For. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Que. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster*?

Ric. What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Gau. O, how that name befits my composition!
 Old *Gaunt*, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping *England* long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
 And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

Ric. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gau. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

Ric. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gau. O, no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

Ric. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now, He, that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou ly'st in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have lay'd thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?

Landlord of *England* art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;

And thou, —

Ric. — a lunatick lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's priviledge,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition

Make pale our cheeks; chasing the royal blood,

With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,
 'This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

GAU. O, spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,
 For that I was his father *Edward's* son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd:
 My brother *Gloster*, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
 Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, born off by his Attendants.*]

RIC. And let them die, that age and fullness have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YOR. I do beseech your majesty, impute
 His words to wayward sickness and age:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear;
 As *Harry* duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

RIC. Right, you say true: as *Hereford's* love, so his;
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND. [majesty.]

NOR. My liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your

RIC. What says he now?

NOR. Nay, nothing; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

YOR. Be *York* the next that must be bankrupt so !
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

RIC. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars :
We must supplant these rough rug-headed kerns ;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge, —
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possess'd.

YOR. How long shall I be patient ? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not *Gloster's* death, nor *Hereford's* banishment,
Nor *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. —
I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of *Wales*, was first ;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman :
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friends : his noble hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O, *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

Ric. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

Yor. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford* ?
Is not *Gaunt* dead ? and doth not *Hereford* live ?
Was not *Gaunt* just ? and is not *Harry* true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?

Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?

Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights ;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself, For how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession ?

Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)

If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attornies-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

Ric. Think what you will ; we seize into our hand.
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YOR. I'll not be by, the while : My liege, farewell ;
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

RIC. Go, *Busby*, to the earl of *Wiltshire* straight ;
 Bid him repair to us to *Ely*-house,
 To see this business : To-morrow next
 We will for *Ireland* ; and 'tis time, I trow ;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle *York* lord-governor of *England*,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
 Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bus. Aum. Gre. and Bag.

NOR. Well, lords, the duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

ROS. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

WIL. Barely in title, not in revenue.

NOR. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROS. My heart is great ; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue. [more,

NOR. Nay, speak thy mind ; And let him ne'er speak
 That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm ! [ford?

WIL. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of *Here-*
 If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;
 Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

ROS. No good at all, that I can do for him :
 Unless you call it good, to pity him,
 Bereft and gelded of his patrimony. [born,

NOR. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are
 In him a royal prince, and many more
 Of noble blood in this declining land.
 The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ros. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

WIL. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As — blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

Nor. War hath not wasted it; for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ros. The earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.

WIL. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ros. He hath not money for these *Irish* wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

Nor. His noble kinsman; Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ros. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

Nor. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering: but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WIL. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ros. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland* :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

NOR. Then thus :—I have from *Port le blanc*, a bay
In *Brittany*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Reignold* lord *Cobham* ;
The archbishop, late of *Canterbury* ; his nephew,
That late broke from the duke of *Exeter* ;
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir Thomas Ramston*,
John Norbery, *Robert Waterton*, *Francis Quoint*,—
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to *Ravenspurg* :
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ros. To horse, to horse ; urge doubts to them that fear.

WIL. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bus. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Que. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bvs. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, wily gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd aright,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as they are, are nought but shadows
Of what they are not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Que. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
'T makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bvs. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Que. 'Tis nothing less: conceit it still deriv'd

¹⁰ something it grieves ¹³ shewes—is not ¹⁶ rightly ¹⁷ awry
²⁰ Finde ²¹ as it is, is ²² what it is not ²⁹ though on

From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
 For nothing hath begot my something grief;
 Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve:
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
 But what it is, that is not yet known; what
 I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

[men:—

GRE. God save your majesty! — and well met, gentle-
 I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for *Ireland*.

QUE. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
 For his design craves haste, his haste good hope;
 Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

GRE. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
 And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
 Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
 The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
 At *Ravenespurg*.

QUE. Now God in heaven forbid!

GRE. Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
 The lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Henry*,
 The lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUS. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
 And all the rest of the revolting faction,
 Traitors?

GRE. We have: whereon the earl of *Worcester*
 Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
 And all the household servants fled with him.

QUE. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife to my woe,
 And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir:
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;

32 designs crave 21 *Henrie Percie* 27 whereupon 29 him to *Bullingbrook*.

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bus. Despair not, madam.

Que. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With coz'ning hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

GRE. Here comes the duke of *York*.

Que. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle, for God's sake, comfortable words.

YOR. Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YOR. He was?—Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side.—
Sirrah,

Get thee to *Plasby*, to my sister *Gloster*;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my † ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

14 fake speake com— 26 commons they are colde

To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—
But I shall grieve you, to report the rest.

YORK. What is it, knave ?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs dy'd.

YORK. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woful land at once !
I know not what to do :—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
'The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland* ?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars ?—
Come, ſiſter,—cousin, I would ſay ; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the Ser.*] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Ser.*
Gentlemen, will you muſter men ? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs
Thus moſt diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—
Th' one is my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; th' other again,
He is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you :—Go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Berkley*, gentlemen.—
I ſhould to *Plasby* too ;—
But time will not permit : All is uneven,
And every thing is left at fix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt YORK, and Queen.*

Bus. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,

Is all unpossible.

GRE. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

BAG. And that's the wavering commons : for their love
Lies in their purses ; and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUS. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

BAG. If judgment lye in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

GRE. Well, I'll for refuge straight to *Bristol* castle ;
The earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

BUS. Thither will I with you : for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us ?

BAG. No ; I'll to *Ireland* to his majesty.
Farewel : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

BUS. That's as *York* thrives to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

BAG. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

BUS. Well, we may meet again.

BAG. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, and NORTHUMBERLAND,
journeying ; Forces with them.*

BOL. How far is it, my lord, to *Berkley* now ?

NOR. Believe me, noble lord, I cannot tell ;
I am a stranger here in *Gloucestershire*.

¹³ Will the hatefull commons ²⁰ *Gree*. Alas

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
 And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
 But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
 From *Ravenspurg* to *Cotshold*, will be found
 In *Ross*, and *Willoughby*, wanting your company ;
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
 The tediousness and process of my travel :
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess :
 And hope to 'joy, is little less in joy,
 Then hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short ; as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOL. Of much less value is my company,
 Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter Harry PERCY.

NOR. It is my son, my lord, young *Harry Percy*,
 Sent from my brother *Worcester*, whencesoever :—
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

PER. I had thought, my lord,
 To have learn'd his health of you.

NOR. Why, is he not with the queen ?

PER. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
 The household of the king.

NOR. What was his reason ?
 He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

PER. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
 But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenspurg*,
 To offer service to the duke of *Hereford* ;

And sent me o'er by *Berkley*, to discover
 What power the duke of *York* had levy'd there;
 Then with direction to repair to *Ravensburg*.

NOR. Have you forgot the duke of *Hereford*, boy?

PER. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
 Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
 I never in my life did look on him.

NOR. Then learn to know him now; this † is the duke.

PER. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
 Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
 To more approved service and desert.

BOL. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*: and be sure,
 I count myself in nothing else so happy,
 As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
 It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus † seals it.

NOR. How far is it to *Berkley*? And what stir
 Keeps good old *York* there, with his men of war?

PER. There † stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
 Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
 And in it are the lords—*York*, *Berkley*, *Seymour*;
 None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross, and Willoughby.

NOR. Here come the lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
 Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

BOL. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
 A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ros. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WIL. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

BOL. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who is't comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

NOR. It is my lord of *Berkley*, as I guess.

BER. My lord of *Hereford*, my message is to you.

BOL. My lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*;
And I am come to seek that name in *England*:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

BER. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To 'rate one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)
From the most gracious regent of this land,
'The duke of *York*; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

BOL. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person.— My noble uncle!

[approaching him with Reverence.]

YOR. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOL. My gracious uncle!—

YOR. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But then more why,—Why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms ?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt* thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the black prince, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand *French* ;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

BOL. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

YOR. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOL. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford* ;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive ; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd,
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be king of *England*,
It must be granted, I am duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you dy'd first, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attorneys are deny'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

NOR. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

ROS. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

WIL. Base men by his endowments are made great.

YOR. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

NOR. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
 But for his own : and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

YOR. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop

Unto the fovereign mercy of the king ;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ; —
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night, or so.

BOL. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
 But we must win your grace, to go with us
 To *Bristol* castle ; which, they say, is held
 By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

YOR. It may be, I will go with you : but yet I'll pause ;
 For I am loth to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
 Things past redrefs, are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of *Salisbury*, we have stay'd ten days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welshman* ;
 The king reposeth in thee all his confidence.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will not stay.
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap, —
 The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war :

These signs fore-run the death, or fall, of kings.
 Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled
 As well assur'd, *Richard* their king is dead. [Exit.]

SAL. Ah, *Richard*, with the eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
 Thy fun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bristol. Before the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, ROSS, Willoughby,
 Percy, and Northumberland: Officers behind,
 with BUSHY, and GREEN, Prisoners.

BOL. Bring forth these men. — [to the Officers.
Bulky, and *Green*, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must 'part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have mis-led a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean:
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And slain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 'Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Raf'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

BUS. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than *Bolingbroke* to *England*.—Lords, farewell.

GRE. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOL. My lord *Northumberland*, seem them dispatch'd,
 [*Exeunt Nor. and Others, with the Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YOR. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

BOL. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away;
 A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, King RICHARD, and Soldiers; Bishop of CARLISLE, and AUMERLE.

RIC. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

AUM. Yea, my good lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your tossing on the breaking seas?

RIC. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in weeping;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
'This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

CAR. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected then: else, heaven would,

5 your late tossing 11 in meeting 31 heavens yeeld

And we will not ; heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

AvM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

Ric. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, *Bolingbroke*, —
Who all this while hath revel'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes, —
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?

SAL. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm; Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the *Welshmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispers'd, and fled.

AUM. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your grace so pale?

RIC. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, 'till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

RIC. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle *York*
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

SCR. More health and happiness betide my liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Ric. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scr. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

Ric. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Busby*? where is *Green*?

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.

SCR. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

RIC. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three *Judas*'s, each one thrice worse than *Judas* !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence ?

SCR. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate : —
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lye full low grav'd in the hollow ground.

AUM. Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and the earl of *Wiltshire*, dead ?

SCR. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

AUM. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

RIC. No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ; —
And yet not so, For what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murder'd : For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court : and there the antick fits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king.
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty :
 For you have but mistook me all this while ;
 I live with bread like you, feel want like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you ; Subjected thus,
 How can you say to me — I am a king ?

CAR. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

AUM. My father hath a power, enquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

3 they have deposed

Ric. Thou chid'st me well ;—Proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom :
This ague fit of fear is overblown ;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scr. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
Your uncle *York* hath join'd with *Bolingbroke* ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

Ric. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to *Flint* castle ; there I'll pine away ;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none :—Let no man speak again.
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

Ric. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,

From *Richard's* night, to *Bolingbroke's* fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

*Drums. Enter (marching) BOLINGBROKE, and Forces;
NORTHUMBERLAND, YORK, and Others.*

BOL. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd; and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

NOR. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

YOR. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
To say—king *Richard*:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

NOR. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

YOR. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

BOL. Mistake, not uncle, farther than you should.

YOR. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mis-take; The heavens are o'er your head.

BOL. I know it, uncle; and will not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?—

Enter PERCY.

Well, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

PER. The castle royally is man'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

BOL. Royally! how so?
Why, it contains no king?

PER. Yes, my good lord,
 It doth contain a king; king *Richard* lies
 Within the limits of yon' lime and stone :
 And with him are the lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
 Sir *Stephen Scroop*; besides a clergyman
 Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

NOR. Belike, it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

BOL. Noble lord,

[to NOR.]

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
 Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
 Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry of Bolingbroke, upon his knees,
 Doth kiss king *Richard's* hand;
 And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
 'To his most royal person: hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power;
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*:
 The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king *Richard's* land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go, signify as much; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. —

[NOR. bows; and approaches the Castle, with a
Trumpet, &c.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from the castle's totter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, king *Richard* and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark king *Richard* how he looks.

*A Parle sounded : is answer'd by
 another Trumpet from within. Flourish ; and
 Enter, upon the Walls, King RICHARD ; AUMERLE,
 and his other Followers, with him.*

See, see, king *Richard* doth himself appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

Nor. Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controuling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

Ric. We are amaz'd ; [*to Nor.*] and thus long have
 we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,

Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends ; —
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent
 Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yon', methinks, he is)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for light in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of *England's* face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grafs with faithful *English* blood.

NOR. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! *No*, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand :
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt* ;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —
 His coming hither hath no further scope,

15 live in 20 pastors 24 doth humbly kisse

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

Ric. *Northumberland*, say, thus the king returns ; —
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —

We do debase us, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

AUM. No, my good lord ; let's fight with gentle words,
 'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

Ric. O God ! o God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That lay'd the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon' proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth ! O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
 Or that I could forget what I have been !
 Or not remember what I must be now !

Swell't thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me

AUM. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bolingbroke*.

Ric. What must the king do now ? Must he submit ?
 The king shall do it ? Must he be depos'd ?

The king shall be contented : Must he lose
 The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave :—
 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's high-way,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head ? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted cousin ! —
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
 As thus ; — To drop them still upon one place,
 'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth ; and, therein lay'd, — *There lies*
I two kinsmen, dig'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
 Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —

Most mighty prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
 What says king *Bolingbroke* ? will his majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live 'till *Richard* die ?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says — ay.

NOR. My lord, in the base court he doth attend

To speak with you ; may't please you to come down.

Ric. Down, down, I come ; like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court ? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court ? Comedown ? Down, court ! down, king !
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt, from above.*]

Bol. What says his majesty ?

Nor. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man :
Yet he is come, my lord.

Enter RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Bol. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [kneeling.]

Ric. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up ; [*raising him.*] your heart is up, I know,
Thus high † at least, although your knee be low.

Bol. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

Ric. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bol. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

Ric. Well you deserve ; They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—

Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
 For do we must, what force will have us do. —
 Set on towards *London* : — Cousin, is it so ?

BoL. Yea, my good lord.

Ric. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, and her Ladies.

Que. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1. L. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Que. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1. L. Madam, we'll dance.

Que. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
 Therefore no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1. L. Madam, we will tell tales.

Que. Of joy, or grief ?

1. L. Of either, madam.

Que. No, of neither, girl :
 For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
 It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;
 Or if of grief, being altogether had,
 It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
 For what I have, I need not to repeat ;
 And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1. L. Madam, I'll sing.

Que. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause ;
 But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1. L. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Que. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter the Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners of this place : —

Let's step into the shadow of these trees :

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so

Against a change, Woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen, and Ladies, retire.]

Gar. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their fire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight ;

Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —

Go thou, and, like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our common-wealth :

All must be even in our government. —

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The foil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1. S. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing as in a model our firm state ?

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers choak'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gar. Hold thy peace ;

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the earl of *Wiltshire, Busby, Green*.

1. S. What, are they dead?

Gar. They are; and *Bolingbroke*
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. What pity is it,
That he had not so trim'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! *Ute*, at time of year,
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Left, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1. S. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gar. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of *York's*,
That tell black tidings. [ing!—

Que. O, I am press'd to death through want of speak-
Thou *Adam's* likeness, [*starting from her Concealment.*] set
to dress this garden,

How dares thy tongue sound this displeasing news?
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why dost thou say, king *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gar. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,

To breath this news ; yet, what I say, is true.
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bolingbroke* ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
 Besides himself, are all the *English* peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king *Richard* down.
 Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so ;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Que. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embaflage belong to me,
 And am I laft that knows it ? o, thou think'ft
 To ferve me laft, that I may longeft keep
 Thy forrow in my breaft. — Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at *London London's* king in woe. —
 What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke* ! —
 Gardiner, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants, thou graft'ft, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*]

Gar. Poor queen ! fo that thy ftate might be no worfe,
 I would my skill were fubject to thy curfe.
 Here did ſhe drop a tear ; here in this place
 I'll fet a bank of rue, four herb of grace :
 Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-Houſe.*

Enter, to their Seats, BOLINGBROKE, the Dukes

of AUMERLE and SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of CAR-
 LISLE, Abbot of Westminster, &c. Officers behind,
 with BAGOT, and People in Attendance.

BOL. Call Bagot forth: — [*Officers set him to the Bar.*
 Now, Bagot, freely speak
 What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end.

BAG. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BOL. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAG. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
 Scorns to unfay what once it hath deliver'd.
 In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
 I heard you say, — *Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
 Amongst much other talk, that very time
 I heard you say too, you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
 Than to have Bolingbroke return to England:
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be
 In this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,
 What answer shall I make to this base man?
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
 On equal terms to give him chastisement?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips. —
 There is my † gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou ly'it;

6 forth Bagot 7 speake thy mind, 20 say, that you

And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOL. Bagot, forbear, [*seeing him stoop.*] thou shalt
not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

FIT. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is † my gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Gloster's* death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou ly'st ;
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUM. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

FIT. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

PER. *Aumerle*, thou ly'st ; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust :

And, that thou art so, there † I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extreamest point
Of mortal breathing ; seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUM. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lor. I task thee to the like, forsworn *Aumerle* ;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is † my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

AUM. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw at all:

27 take the earth to 29 As it may 30 sinne to sinne

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SUR. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

FIT. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

SUR. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

FIT. *Surrey*, thou ly'st.

SUR. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there † is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
FIT. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live, —
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is † my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction. —
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at *Calais*.

AUM. Some honest christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down † this,
[taking one from a Stander-by.
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

BOL. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his signories; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his trial.

CAR. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For *Jesu Christ*; in glorious christian field
Streaming the ensign of the christian cross,
Against black pagans, *Turks*, and *Saracens*:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*; and there, at *Venice*, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain *Christ*,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOL. Is *Norfolk* dead?

CAR. Sure as I live, my lord.

BOL. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old *Abraham*!—~~By~~ lords appellants
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

YOR. Great duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd *Richard*; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live *Henry*, of that name the fourth!

BOL. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

CAR. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge

² his lande and signiories 15 v. *Note.*

Of noble *Richard*; then true noblesse would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his king?
 And who sits here, that is not *Richard's* subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it,
 That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stir'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
 My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy, —
 The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with *Turks* and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 'The field of *Golgotha* and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you — woe!

NOR. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here : —
 My lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge
 To keep him safely 'till his day of trial. —

[*Officers give Carlisle to the Abbat.*

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

BOL. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

YOR. I will be his conduct. [*Exeunt YORK, and Others.*

BOL. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer : —
 Little are we beholding to your love, [to *Car.*
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and
 Officers bearing the Regalia.*

RIC. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee ;
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men : Were they not mine ?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail ! to me ?
 So *Judas* did to *Christ* : but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king ! Will no man say, amen ?
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, amen.
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —
 To do what service, am I sent for hither ?

YOR. To do that office of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer, --

The resignation of thy state and crown

To *Henry Bolingbroke*.

[crown ;

Ric. Give me the crown : — Here, cousin, seize the
Here, on this side, my hand ; on that side, thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes two buckets filling one another ;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water :

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BoL. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

Ric. My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

BoL. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

Ric. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is — loss of care, by old care done ;

Your care is — gain of care, by new care won :

The cares I give, I have, though given away ;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BoL. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

Ric. Ay, — no : No, — ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself : —

I give this heavy weight † from off my head,

And this unwieldy scepter † from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd!
 Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
 And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!
 God save king *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days!—
 What more remains?

NOR. No more, but that you read [*offering a Paper.*
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
 Committed by your person, and your followers,
 Against the state and profit of this iand;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

RIC. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
 Containing the deposing of a king,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself.—
 Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
 Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
 Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

NOR. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

RIC. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest :
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Make glory base ; a sovereign, a slave ;
Proud majesty, a subject ; state, a peasant.

NOR. My lord, —

RIC. No lord of thine, thou haut insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title, —
No, not that name was given me at the font, —
But 'tis usurp'd : — Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt myself away in water-drops ! —
Good king, great king, (and yet not greatly good)
An if my word be sterling yet in *England*,
Let it command a mirror hither straight ;
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

BOL. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

NOR. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

RIC. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

BOL. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

NOR. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

RIC. They shall be satisfy'd ; I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's — myself. —

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! — Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did feed ten thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, [*dashing the Glass to the Ground.*] crack'd
in a hundred shivers. —

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, —
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

BOL. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

RIC. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see: —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

BOL. Name it, my fair cousin.

RIC. Fair cousin? — I am greater than a king :
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOL. Yet ask.

RIC. And shall I have?

BOL. You shall.

RIC. Then give me leave to go.

BOL. Whither?

RIC. Whither you will, so I were from your fights.

BOL. Go some of you, convey him to the tower.

RIC. O, good! Convey? Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt RIC. some Lords, and a Guard.*]

BOL. On wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt All but Aum. Car. and the Abbot.*]

Abb. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

CAR. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

AUM. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abb. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise : —
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Que. This way the king will come; this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud *Belingbroke* :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —
Ah, thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand ;
Thou map of honour ; thou king *Richard's* tomb,
And not king *Richard* ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

Ric. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house :
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our prophane hours here have stricken down.

Que. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind

Transferr'd, and weaken'd? Hath proud *Bolingbroke*
 Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 'To be o'er-power'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

Ric. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
 I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for *France*:
 Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winters' tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woful ages, long ago betid:
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.

Nor. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd;
 You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the tower.—
 And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
 With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

Ric. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

NOR. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

RIC. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me, and my marry'd wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, *Northumberland*; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:
My wife to *France*; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like hollowmas, or short'ft of day.

QUE. And must we be divided? must we part?

RIC. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUE. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

NOR. That were some love, but little policy.

QUE. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

RIC. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Que. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

Ric. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—
Thus † give I mine, and thus † take I thy heart.

Que. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

So, † now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Ric. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in York's House.*

Enter YORK, and his Dutchess.

Dut. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into *London*.

YOR. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king *Richard's* head.

YOR. Then, as I said, the duke, great *Bolingbroke*,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, *Bolingbroke*!

You would have thought, the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke*!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus, — I thank you, countrymen:
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Dut. Alas, poor *Richard*! where rides he the while?

Yor. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, —
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience, —
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pity'd him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;
 To whose high will we bind our calm contents:
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Dut. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was;

But that is lost, for being *Richard's* friend,
And, madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Dut Welcome, my son : Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

AUM. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

YOR. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from *Oxford* ? hold those jousts and triumphs ?

AUM. For aught I know, my lord.

YOR. You will be there ?

AUM. If God prevent it not ; I purpose so.

YOR. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom ?
Yea, look'st thou pale, sir ? let me see the writing.

AUM. My lord, 'tis nothing.

YOR. No matter then who sees it :
I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

AUM. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YOR. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear, —

Dut. You fear ! what should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

YOR. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool. —

[*pushing her away.*]

Boy, let me see the writing.

AUM. 'Beseech you, pardon me ; I may not shew it.

YOR. I will be fatisfy'd ; let me fee't, I fay :—

[snatches it from his Bosom, and reads.]

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Dut. What is the matter, my lord ?

YOR. Ho ! who is within there ? *[Servant appears.]*

Saddle my horse.—

God for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Dut. Why, what is it, my lord ?

YOR. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—

[Exit Servant.]

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Dut. What's the matter ?

YOR. Peace, foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace :—What is the matter, son ?

AUM. Good mother, be content ; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer !

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.

YOR. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dut. Strike him, *Aumerle*. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my fight.

[to the Servant, driving him out.]

YOR. Give me my boots, I say.

Dut. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

YOR. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
 A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
 And interchangeably set down their hands,
 To kill the king at *Oxford*.

Dut. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here; Then what is that to him?

YOR. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
 My son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
 As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
 But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
 That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
 And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
 Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind;
 He is as like thee as a man may be,
 Not like to me, or any of my kin,
 And yet I love him.

YOR. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*]

Dut. After, *Aumerle*: mount thee upon his horse;
 Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
 And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee: Away. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE II. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Bolingbroke, as King; PERCY, and
 other Lords, with him.*

K. H. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

25 Away, be gone.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
 Enquire at *London*, 'mongst the taverns there,
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
 Whilst he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

PER. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince ;
 And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford*.

K. H. And what said the gallant ?

PER. His answer was, — he would unto the stews ;
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour ; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

K. H. As dissolute as desperate : yet, through both,
 I see some sparkles of a better hope,
 Which elder years may happily bring forth.
 But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

AUM. Where is the king ?

K. H. What means
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
 To have some conference with your grace alone.

K. H. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt PER. and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[throwing himself upon them.]
 My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

K. H. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
'To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

K. H. Have thy desire. [*Aum. rises, and locks the Door.*]

YOR. [*within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself,
my liege; [*knocking, and crying loud.*]

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

K. H. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*in Act to stab.*]

AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand; [*withholding him.*]
Thou hast no cause to fear.

YOR. [*within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

K. H. What is the matter, uncle? [*opens, and shuts again.*]

Enter YORK.

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

YOR. Peruse this writing[†] here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUM. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YOR. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

K. H. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YOR. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
'The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dut. [*within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let
me in. [cry?]

K. H. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager

Dut. [*within.*] A woman, and thine aunt, great king;
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never beg'd before.

K. H. Our scene is alter'd; from a serious thing,
'Tis now chang'd to the beggar and the king.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

YOR. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More firs, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

Enter Dutchess.

This fetter'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Dut. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

YOR. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dut. Sweet *York*, be patient:—Hear me, gentle liege.
[*kneeling.*]

K. H. Rise up, good aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my transgressing boy.

AUM. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend † my knee,

YOR. Against them both, my true joints bended † be.
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dut. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the earth they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

K. H. Good aunt, stand up.

Dut. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now;
Say—pardon, king, let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

Yor. Speak it in *French*, king ; say, *pardonnez moy*.

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?

Ah my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word ! —

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;

The chopping *French* we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;

That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

K. H. Good aunt, stand up.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

K. H. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !

Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

K. H. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Dut. A god on earth thou art.

K. H. But for our trusty brother-in-law, — the abbot, —

With all the rest of that comforted crew, —

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels. —

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these traitors are :

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell ; — and cousin too, adieu :

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dut. Come, my old son ; [*to Aum.*] I pray God

make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

19 I pardon him with all my heart

*SCENE III. The same.**Enter* EXTON, *and* Servant.

Ext. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ext. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice, And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did

Ext. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me; As who should say, — I would, thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart; Meaning, the king at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go; I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV. Pomfret. Dungeon of the Castle.**Enter* RICHARD.

Ric. I have been studying how to compare This prison, where I live, unto the world: And, for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it; — Yet I'll hammer 't out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; My soul, the father: and these two beget A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world; In humours, like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better sort, — As thoughts of things divine, — are intermixt With scruples, and do set the word itself

Against the word :

As thus, — *Come, little ones* ; and then again, —

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

'Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs

Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls ;

And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

'Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves, —

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall not be the last ; Like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame, —

That many have, and others must sit there :

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back

Of such as have before endur'd the like.

'Thus play I in one person many people,

And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,

And so I am : Then crushing penury

Persuades me, I was better when a king ;

Then am I king'd again : and, by and by,

Think that I am unking'd by *Boingbroke*,

And straight am nothing : — But, whate'er I am,

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,

With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Musick do I hear ?

[*distant Musick.*

Ha, ha ! keep time : — How four sweet musick is,

When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?

So is it in the musick of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear
 'To hear time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his *Jack-o'the-clock*.
 'This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For, though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Gro. Hail, royal prince!

Ric. Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou? and how com'st thou hither, man?

'Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Gro. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards *York*,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometime master's face.
 O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In *London* streets, that coronation day,
 When *Bolingbroke* rode on roan *Barbary*!
 That horse, that thou so often hast beltrid;
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

Ric. Rode he on *Barbary*? Tell me, gentle friend,
 How went he under him?

Gro. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

Ric. So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
 That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
 (Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
 Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
 Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
 Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
 And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing *Bolingbroke*.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Kee. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

Ric. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Gro. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
 say. [Exit Groom.]

Kee. The meat, my lord; Will't please you to fall to?

Ric. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Kee. My lord, I dare not; for sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
 Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

Ric. The devil take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee!

[beating him.]

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Kee. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, *and Servants, arm'd.*

Ric. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument. —

[snatching an Axe, and killing him.

Go thou, *[killing a second Servant.]* and fill another room
in hell. —

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

[receiving a Blow from behind.

That staggers thus my person. — Thy fierce hand
[to Exton.

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul; thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[falls, and dies.

Ext. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me — I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicl'd in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear; —

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.

SCENE V. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King Henry, York, *and Others.*

K. H. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is — that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of *Cicester* in *Glosterfbire*;

But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not. —

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord; What is the news?

Nor. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is,—I have to *London* sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent* :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper † here.

K. H. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

FIT. My lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The heads of *Brocas* and sir *Bennet Seely* ;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

K. H. Thy pains, *Fitzwater*, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with Carlisle.

PER. The grand conspirator, abbot of *Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave :
But here is *Carlisle* living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

K. H. *Carlisle*, this is your doom :—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter EXTON, with Persons bearing
a Coffin.*

EXT. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

K. H. *Exton*, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Ext. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

K. H. They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on fullen black incontinent ;
I'll make a voyage to the holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand ;—
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt.*]

HENRY IV.

Part I.

Persons represented.

King Henry the Fourth:

Henry, *Prince of Wales*, } *his Sons.*
Prince John of Lancaster, }

Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*
and Sir Walter Blunt, }

Scroop, *Archbishop of York:*

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland;*

Thomas, *Earl of Worcester, his Brother;*

Henry, *surnam'd—Hot-spur, his Son:*

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March;*

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas, a Scotchman;*

Owen Glendower, *a Welshman;*

Gentleman, Friend to the Archbishop;

and Sir Richard Vernon,

Sir John Falstaff, *an irregular Humorist:*

Poins, Peto, Gadshill, and Bardolph, *his Companions.*

a Vintner; a Drawer; a Chamberlain; two Carriers;

a Traveller; Sheriff; Servant, and three Messengers.

} *Confederates; and
Enemies to the King.*

Lady Percy, Hot-spur's Wife, Sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower.

Hostess of a Tavern in East-cheap.

Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, dispers'd; in England, and Wales.

The first Part of
King HENRY the Fourth.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, WESTMORELAND,
Blunt, and Others.

K. H. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall dawb her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubl'd heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:

The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of *Christ*,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we lead ;
 Whose arms were molded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
 Therefore we meet not now : Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin *Westmoreland*,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

WES. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken,
 And a full thousand of his people butcher'd :
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. H. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the holy land.

Wes. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
 That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
 At *Holmedon* met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. H. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
 Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that *Holmedon* and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news. .
 The earl of *Douglas* is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood, did sir *Walter* see
 On *Holmedon's* plains: Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake the earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
 To beaten *Douglas*; and, with him, the earls
 Of *Athol*, *Murray*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

Wes. It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. H. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
 sin,

In envy that my lord *Northumberland*
 Should be the father of so blest a son:

11 brought them, 24 Earle 25 Athol | Of Mur- 28 v Note.

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant ;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young *Harry*. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine—*Percy*, his—*Plantagenet* !
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts :—What think you, coz',
 Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but *Mordake* earl of *Fife*.

Wes. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. H. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And, for this cause, a while we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at *Windzor*, so inform the lords :
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

Wes. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

FAL. Now, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

Pri. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal*; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by *Phæbus*,—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none.)

Pri. What, none?

FAL. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Pri. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are 'squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—*Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

Pri. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof: Now a purse of gold most resolutely

snatch'd on monday night, and most dissolutely spent on tuesday morning; got with swearing — lay by, and spent with crying — bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Pri. As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quidities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Pri. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning, many a time and oft.

Pri. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast pay'd all there.

Pri. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art king? and resolution thus snub'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Pri. No, thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Pri. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with

my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Pri. For obtaining of suits ?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits ; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lug'd bear.

Pri. Or an old lion ; or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bag-pipe.

Pri. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of *Moor-ditch* ?

FAL. Thou hast the most unfavoury similies ; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince, — But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought : An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir ; but I mark'd him not : and yet he talk'd very wisely ; but I regarded him not : and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Pri. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration ; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, *Hal*, — God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over ; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain ; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in christendom.

Pri. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, *Jack* ?

FAL. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

Enter POINS, at a Distance.

Pri. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying, to purse-taking.

FAL. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal* ; 'tis no sin, for a man to labour in his vocation. — *Poins* ! now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? this is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, stand, to a true man.

Pri. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Por. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. — What says mon-sieur *Remorse* ? what says sir *John Sack-and-sugar* ? *Jack*, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on good-friday last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg ?

Pri. Sir *John* stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, He will give the devil his due.

Por. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Pri. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Por. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill* : There are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses ; I have vizards for you all, you have horses for yourselves : *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in *East-cheap* ; we may do it as secure as sleep : If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

FAL. Hear ye, *Yedward* ; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poi. You will, chops?

FAL. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Pri. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not try, stand, for ten shillings.

Pri. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

Pri. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Pri. I care not.

Poi. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

FAL. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in *East-cheap*.

Pri. Farewel, latter spring; farewel, all-hallown summer.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poi. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-lay'd; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Pri. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poi. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our

pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

Pri. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Por. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change, after we leave them; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Pri. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Por. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

Pri. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Por. Farewel, my lord. [Exit *POINCE*.]

Pri. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter King Henry, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Others.*

K. H. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me, for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

NOR. My lord, —

[to the King.

K. H. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow,
 You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit WORCESTER.*

You were about to speak.

[*to NOR.*

NOR. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
 As is deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOR. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trim drest,
 Fresh as a bride-groom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home :
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ; —
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff : — and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them — untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popin-jay,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
He should,—he should not:—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLU. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach;
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. H. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
 But with proviso, and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, that earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve:
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When, on the gentle *Severn's* sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. H. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
 He never did encounter with *Glendower* ;
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy :
 Art not asham'd to say't ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer* :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. — My lord *Northumberland*,
 We license your departure with your son : —
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Train.*]

HOT. An if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them : — I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head. [while ;

NOR. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause a
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

HOT. Speak of *Mortimer* ?
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd *Bolingbroke*.

NOR. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WOR. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.

WOR. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard*, that dead is, the next of blood?

NOR. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and (shortly) murdered. [mouth

WOR. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

HOT. But, soft, I pray you; Did king *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Edmond Mortimer*
Heir to the crown?

NOR. He did; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility, and power,
 Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you (God pardon it!) have done,—
 To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, *Bolingbroke*?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
 For now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hor. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim:—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple;—O, the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival of her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend:—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble *Scots*,
That are your prisoners,—

HOT. I'll keep them all,
By heaven, he shall not have a *Scot* of them;
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep:

HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer*;
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer*:
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:

And that same sword-and-buckler prince, of *Wales*,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Fare you well, kinsman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? [rods,

Hor. Why, look you, I am whip'd and scourg'd with
Nettl'd, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, *Bolingbroke*.

In *Richard's* time,—What do you call the place?—

A plague upon't!—it is in *Glostershire*;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle *York*;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this *Bolingbroke*,—'Sblood!
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg*.

Nor. At *Berkley* castle.

Hor. You say true:—

Why, what a deal of candy'd courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,—

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, sir, to it again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hor. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the *Douglas'* son your only mean

For powers in *Scotland*; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—
Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,
The arch-bishop;

HOT. Of *York*, is't not?

WOR. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOT. I smell't; upon my life, it will do well.

NOR. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*,
To join with *Mortimer*, ha?

WOR. And so they shall.

HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed;
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOT. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

WOR. Cousin, farewell: No further go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
 I'll steal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer* :
 Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet ;
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NOR. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

HOT. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
 'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

Car. Heigh ho ! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles'* wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler !

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

Car. I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cut's* saddle, put a few flocks in the point ; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *C.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* ostler dy'd.

1. *C.* Poor fellow ! never joy'd since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

2. *C.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all *London* road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.

1. C. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen, could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. C. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1. C. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. C. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-cross*.

1. C. God's body! the turkies in my panier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd; Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADS-HILL.

GAD. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. C. I think, it be two o'clock.

GAD. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. C. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GAD. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2. C. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a'?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

GAD. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2. C. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour *Mugs*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers;*

5 in your chim-

GAD. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cha. [*within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

GAD. That's e'en as fair, as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou vary'st no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cha. Good morrow, master *Gads-hill*. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

GAD. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint *Nicholas'* clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cha. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

GAD. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir *John* hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers; no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great mynheers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak

fooner than drink, and drink fooner than pray : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the common-wealth : or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cba. What, the common-wealth their boots ? will she hold out water in foul way ?

GAD. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-feed, we walk invisible.

Cba. Nay, by my faith ; I think, you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-feed, for your walking invisible.

GAD. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cba. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GAD. Go to ; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Gad's-Hill. The Road down it.*

Enter the Prince, and POINS.

Por. Come, shelter, shelter ; I have remov'd *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gum'd velvet.

Pri. Stand close. [*putting himself before him.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. *Poins ! Poins,* and be hang'd ! *Poins !*

Pri. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal ; What a brawling dost thou keep ?

FAL. Where's *Poins, Hal ?*

Pri. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill ; I'll go seek him. [*feigning to go.*]

FAL. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and ty'd him I know not where : If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines.—*Poins !—Hal !—*a plague upon you both !—*Bardolph !—**Peto !—*I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough : A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another ! [*Whistle.*] Whew !—A plague light upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

Pri. Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FAL. Have you any leavers to list me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus ?

Pri. Thouly'st, thou art notcolted, thou art uncolted.

FAL. I pr'ythee, good prince *Hal*, help me to my horse ; good king's son.

Pri. Out, you rogue ! shall I be your ostler ?

FAL. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent

garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison : when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

*Enter GADS-HILL ; BARDOLPH, and
PETO, with him.*

GAD. Stand.

FAL. So I do, against my will.

POI. O, 'tis our setter ; I know his voice.—*Bardolph,*
what news ? *[coming forward, with the Prince.]*

BAR. Case ye, case ye ; on with your vizards ; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. Youlie, you rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

GAD. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hang'd.

Pri. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; *Ned Poins*, and I, will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PET. How many be there of them.

GAD. Some eight, or ten.

FAL. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Pri. What, a coward, sir *John Paunch* ?

FAL. Indeed, I am not *John* of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

Pri. Well, we leave that to the proof.

POI. Sirrah *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge ; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him : Farewel, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Pri. *Ned*, where are our disguises ?

POI. Here, hard by ; stand close. *[retiring, to put them on.]*

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

I. T. Come, neighbour,
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thi. Stand.

Tra. *Jesu* bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them, cut
The villains' throats:—
Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves!
They hate us youth: down with them, fleece them.

I. T. O,

We are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

FAL. Hang ye, gorbelly'd knaves; Are ye undone?
No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here!
On, bacons, on;—What, ye knaves!—on, I say;
Young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye?
We'll jure ye, i' faith. [*Exeunt, driving them out.*]

Pri. The thieves have bound the true men: [*looking out.*] Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poi. Stand close, I hear them coming. [*retire again.*]

Enter the Thieves again.

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, [*throwing down the Booty.*] and then to horse before day.

They all sit round about it.

An the prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards,
there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that
Poins, than in a wild-duck.

Pri. Your money.

[*rushing out upon them.*]

Poi. Villains!

*Falstaff, and the rest, scramble up: he makes
a Blow, or two, and they run; leaving their
Booty behind them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good *Ned*. *Fat Falstaff* sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poi. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, with a Letter.

HOT. — *But, for mine own part, my lord, [reading.] I
could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love
I bear your house. He could be contented,—Why, is he
not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—
he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he
loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you
undertake, [reading again.] is dangerous,—Why, that's
certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink:
but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger,
we pluck this flower, safety. The purpose you undertake,
[reading.] is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncer-
tain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light,
for the counterpoize of so great an opposition. Say you so,
say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow
cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this?
By the lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was lay'd;
our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends,*

and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? is there not, besides, the *Douglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this, an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepar'd: I will set forward to-night.—How now, *Kate*?

Enter Lady Percy.

I must leave you within these two hours.

Lad. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! [*Enter a Servant.*] is *Gilliams* with
 the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my lord, an hour ago. [*Sheriff's?*]

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the

Ser. One horse, my lord, he brought but even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Ser. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance!*—

Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lad. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What sayest thou, my lady?

Lad. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse,

My love, my horse.

Lad. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toft with. ~~Now~~, in footh, in footh,
 I'll know your businefs, *Harry*, that I will.
 I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir
 About his title; and hath fent for you,
 To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I fhall be weary, love.

Lad. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly to this question that I ask.
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,
 An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away,
 Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world,
 To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
 We muft have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pafs them current too.—God's me, my horfe!—
 What fay'ft thou, *Kate*? what would'ft thou have with me?

Lad. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
 Well, do not then; for, fince you love me not,
 I will not love myfelf. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you fpeak in jeft, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou fee me ride?
 And when I am o' horfe-back, I will fwear,
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*;
 I muft not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:
 Whither I muft, I muft; and, to conclude,
 This evening muft I leave you, gentle *Kate*.
 I know you wife; but yet no farther wife,
 Than *Harry Percy's* wife: conftant you are;
 But yet a woman: and for fecrefy,
 No lady clofer; for I well believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lad. So far?

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lad. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. East-cheap. *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter the Prince, and POINS.

Pri. *Ned*, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and
lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast been, *Hal*?

Pri. With three or four logger-heads, amongst three
or four score hogs-heads. I have founded the very base
string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash
of drawers; and can call them all by their christian
names, as—*Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already
upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of
Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy: and tell me flatly,
I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falstaff*; but a *Corinthian*, a
lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the lord, so they call
me; and, when I am king of *England*, I shall command
all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call—drinking
deep, dying scarlet: and when you breath in your wa-
tering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To
conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an
hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-
guage during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost
much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action.
But, sweet *Ned*,—To sweeten which name of *Ned*; I

give thee this † penny-worth of fugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker: one that never spake other *English* in his life, than—*Eight shillings and six-pence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the half-moon*, or so. But, *Ned*, to drive away the time 'till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the fugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poi. *Francis!*

Pri. Thou art perfect.

Poi. *Francis!*

[*Exit POINS.*

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the pomegranate, *Ralph*.

Pri. Come hither, *Francis*.

Dra. My lord.

Pri. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Dra. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poi. [*within.*] *Francis!*

Dra. Anon, anon, sir.

Pri. Five years! by'r-lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, dar'st thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it.

Dra. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart—

Poi. [*within.*] *Francis!*

Dra. Anon, anon, sir.

Pri. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Dra. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next, I shall be—

Poi. [*within.*] *Francis!*

Dra. Anon, sir:—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Pri. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*: For the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a penny-worth, was't not?

Dra. O Lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

Pri. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poi. [*within.*] *Francis!*

Dra. Anon, anon.

Pri. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*: but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on thursday; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,—

Dra. My lord?

Pri. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chrystal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, *Spanisb*-pouch,—

Dra. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Pri. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doubt will fully: in *Barbary*, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Dra. What, sir?

Poi. [*within.*] *Francis!*

Pri. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amaz'd, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vin. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Drawer.*] My lord, old sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; Shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the

door.—[*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poi. Anon, anon, fir.

Pri. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Drawer, with Bottles.

What's o'clock, *Francis*?

Dra. Anon, anon, fir.

Pri. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reck'ning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the *Hot-spur* of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; A trifle, a trifle! I pr'ythee, call in *Falstaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADS-HILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poi. Welcome, *Jack*. Where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen.—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and

mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*drinks.*]

Pri. Didst thou never see *Titan* [*to Poins*] kiss a dish of butter; pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:—There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. Go thy ways, old *Jack*; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in *England*; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

Pri. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of *Wales*!

Pri. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; And *Poins* there?

Poi. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FAL. I call thee coward? I'll see thee damn'd, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; Call

you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Pri. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. [*drinks again.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I!

Pri. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

Pri. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Pri. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*: I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Pri. Speak, sirs; How was it?

GAD. We four set upon some dozen,—

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GAD. And bound them:

PET. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a *Jew* else, an *Hebrew Jew*.

GAD. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us;

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Pri. What, fought you with them all?

FAL. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poi. Pray God, you have not murther'd some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckrom suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse: Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckrom let drive at me:

Pri. What, four? thou said'st but two even now.

FAL. Four, *Hal*; I told thee four.

Poi. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Pri. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FAL. In buckrom?

Poi. Ay, four, in buckrom suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Pri. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

Pri. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckrom, that I told thee of,—

Pri. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken,—

Poi. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

Pri. O monstrous! eleven buckrom men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

Pri. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, —

FAL. What, art thou mad, art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Pri. Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Pol. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Pri. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh:

FAL. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck; —

Pri. Well, breath a while, and then to it again : and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poi. Mark, *Jack*.

Pri. We two saw you four fet on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth : mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down Then did we two fet on you four ; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize and have it ; yea, and can shew it you here in the house :—and, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done ; and then say, it was in fight ? What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ? [now ?

Poi. Come, let's hear, *Jack* ; What trick hast thou

FAL. I knew ye as well as he that made ye Why, hear ye, my masters ; Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as *Hercules* : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince : instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward on instinct : I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads,

Enter Hostess.

I am glad, you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good-fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ? [away.

Pri. Content ; and the argument shall be, thy running

FAL. Ah! no more of that, *Hal*, an thou lov'st me.

Hof. My lord the prince, —

Pri. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Hof. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

Pri. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

Pri. Pi'ythee, do, *Jack*.

FAL. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

Pri. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, *Peto*;—so did you. *Bardolph*: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince, no, fie!

BAR. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Pri. Tell me now in earnest, How came *Falstaff's* sword so hack'd?

PET. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

BAR. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Pri. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen

years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore : Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away ; What instinct hadst thou for it ?

BAR. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

Pri. I do.

BAR. What think you they portend ?

Pri. Hot livers, and cold purses.

BAR. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Pri. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast ? How long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own knee ?

FAL. My own knee ? when I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an eagle's talon in the waste ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring : A plague of fighting and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad : here was sir *John Bracy* from your father ; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy* ; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amaimon* the bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the devil his true liege-man upon the cross of a *Welsh* hook, — What, a plague, call you him ?

Poi. O, *Glendower*.

FAL. *Owen, Owen* ; the same ; — and his son-in-law, *Mortimer* ; and old *Northumberland* ; and the sprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Douglas*, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular :

Pri. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol

kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

Pri. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

Pri. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running ?

FAL. O' horse back, ye cuckoo : but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

Pri. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-caps more : *Worcester* is stoln away to night ; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as flinking mackerel.

Pri. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true ; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. But, tell me, *Hal*, art thou not horribly afeard ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower* ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

Pri. Not a whit ; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

Pri. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I ? content :—this chair shall be my

state, [*clapping himself down in it.*] this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Pri. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king *Cambyfes'* vein. [*drinks.*]

Pri. Well, here is my leg.

FAL. And here is my speech: Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith. [*vain.*]

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

FAL. Peace, goodpint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is troden on, the faster it grows; yet youth; the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion: but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me: If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a nicher, and eat black berries? a question not to be ask'd: Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take

purfes? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also: And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Pri. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks: If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Pri. Dost thou speak like a king? [*plucking him out of his Chair.*] do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-fucker, or a poulterer's hare.

Pri. Well, here I am fet.

FAL. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

Pri. Now, *Harry*? whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

Pri. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

Pri. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me: Thou art violently carry'd away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FAL. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

Pri. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded *Satan*.

FAL. My lord, the man I know:

Pri. I know, thou dost.

FAL. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish *Peto*, banish *Bar-*

dolph, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*,
 [A great knocking heard: *Exeunt Hostefs,*
and Drawer; *BARDOLPH* follows.]

and therefore more valiant being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* company, banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

Pri. I do, I will.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

BAR. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Re-enter Hostefs, hastily.

Hof. O *Jesu*, my lord, my lord!—

Pri. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick:—What's the matter?

Hof. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: if thou dost, thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Pri. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangl'd with a halter, as another.

Pri. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I have had: but their date is out,

and therefore I'll hide me.

Pri. Call in the sheriff. [*Exeunt All but the Prince.*

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Pri. What men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A grofs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter, sir.

Pri. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

She. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Pri. It may be so: if he have rob'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

She. Good night, my noble lord.

Pri. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

She. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, and Carrier.*

Pri. This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*:—

Re-enter PETO.

Go, call him forth.

PET. *Falstaff!*—fast asleep behind the arras, and
snorting like a horse.

Pri. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his
pockets. [*Peto searches.*] What hast thou found?

PET. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Pri. Let's see what they be ; read them.

PET. [*reads.*] Item, a capon ; 2.s. 2.d. Item, sauce ; 4.d. Item, sack, two gallons ; 5.s. 8.d. Item, anchovies and sack after supper ; 2.s. 6.d. Item, bread ; a half-penny.

Pri. O monstrous ! but one half-penniworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be pay'd back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

PET. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Arch-deacon's House : a Table, with Chairs about it.*

Enter WORCESTER, HOT-SPUR, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

MOR. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope. [*you*]

HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—will
Sit down,—and uncle Worcester : A plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.

GLE. No, here it is. [*laying it on the Table.*]
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hot-spur :

For by that name as oft as *Lancaster*
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale ; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLE. I cannot blame him : at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; ay, and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

GLE. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

GLE. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

GLE. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields :
 These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
 And all the courses of my life do shew,
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living,—clip'd in with the sea
 That chides the banks of *England, Scotland, Wales,*—
 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think, there's no man that speaks better *Welsh* :
 I will to dinner.

MOR. Peace, brother *Percy* ; you will make him mad.

GLE. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
 But will they come, when you do call for them ?

GLE. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
 The devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,
 By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil :
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

MOR. Come, come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

GLE. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
 Against my power : thrice, from the banks of *Wye*,
 And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent him,
 Bootless, and weather-beaten, home.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
 How scapès he agues, in the devil's name ?

GLE. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

MOR. The arch-deacon hath divided it already
Into three limits, very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

[pointing to a Part of the Map.]

By fouth and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, *Wales* beyond the *Severn* shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*:—and, dear brother, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, brother *Percy*, you, and I,

And my good lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the *Scottish* power,

As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, [*to Gle.*] you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighb'ring gentlemen.

GLE. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:

From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of waters shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place dam'd up;
 And here † the smug and silver *Trent* shall run,
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLE. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

MOR. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
 With like advantage on the other side;
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,
 As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
 And on this north side win this cape of land;
 And then he runs straitly and evenly.

HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLE. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT. Will not you?

GLE. No, nor you shall not.

HOT. Who shall say me, nay?

GLE. Why, that will I.

HOT. Let me not understand you then,
 Speak it in *Welsh*.

GLE. I can speak *English*, lord, as well as you;
 For I was train'd up in the *English* court:
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
 I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLE. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

HOT. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend;
 But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLE. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
 I'll haste the writer forward; and, withal,
 Break with your wives of your departure hence:
 I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.

MOR. Fie, brother *Percy*! how you cross my father!

HOT. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
 And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, last night, at the least nine hours,
 In reck'ning up the several devils' names,
 That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum, and, well;
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live,
 With cheese and garlick, in a wind-mill, far;
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in christendom.

MOR. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful
As mines of *India*. Shall I tell you, brother ?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you ;)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd ; Good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

MOR. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

GLE. My daughter weeps ; she will not part with you,

She'll be a foldier too, she'll to the wars.

MOR. Good father, tell her,—she, and my sister *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower *speaks to his Daughter in Welsh,*
and she answers him in the same.

GLE. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd har-
lotry,

One that no persuation can do good upon.

Daughter again in Welsh, to her
Husband.

MOR. I understand thy looks: that pretty *Welsh*
Which thou pour'st down too from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a party should I answer thee.

Daughter again to her Husband; kissing,
and embracing him.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly pen'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLE. Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.

Daughter again to her Husband.

MOR. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

GLE. She bids you, on the rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnest'd teem
Begins his golden progress in the east.

MOR. With all my heart I'll fit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

GLE. Do so; and those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

HOT. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy
lap.

LAD. Go, ye giddy goose.
Glendower mutters some Incantations in
Welsh, and a Musick plays.

HOT. Now I perceive, the devil understands *Welsh*;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

LAD. Then should you be nothing but musical;
For you are altogether govern'd by humours.
Lye still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In *Welsh*.

HOT. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

LAD. Would'st have thy head broken?

HOT. No.

LAD. Then be still.

HOT. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

LAD. Now God help thee!

HOT. To the *Welsh* lady's bed.

LAD. What's that?

HOT. Peace! she sings.

A *Welsh* SONG.

HOT. Come, *Kate*, I'll have your song too.

Lad. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth; 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day;—

And giv'st such farcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet guards, and funday citizens.

Come, sing.

Lad. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way, to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

GLE. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*; you are as slow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By this, our book is drawn; we'll seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mor. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, the Prince, and some Lords.

K. H. Lords, give us leave; the prince of *Wales*, and I,
Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords,

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attaints,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Pri. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks, and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. H. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
 Others would say, — *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambl'd up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindl'd, and soon burnt: 'scarded his state;
 Mingl'd his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name prophaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

They surfeited with honey; and began
 To loath the taste of sweets, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou:
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation; not an eye
 But is aweary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Pri. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. H. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ravensturg*;
 And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned *Douglas*; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge *Christ*?
 Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great *Douglas*; ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 The archbishop's grace of *York*, *Douglas*, and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
 To shew how much degenerate thou art?

Pri. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,

Be bold to tell you, that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubl'd ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities :
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 'To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform, 21
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. H. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT, hastily.

How now, good *Blunt* ? thy looks are full of speed.

BLU. So is the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,—

That *Douglas*, and the *English* rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury* :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. H. The earl of *Westmoreland* set forth to-day ;
 With him my son, lord *John* of *Lancaster* ;
 For this advertisement is five days old : —
 On wednesday next, son *Harry*, you shall set
 Forward ; on thursday, we ourselves will march.
 Our meeting is *Bridgnorth* : and, *Harry*, you
 Shall march through *Glocestershire* ; by which account,
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. East-cheap. *A Room in the Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

FAL. *Bardolph*, am I not fall'n away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-*John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse ; the inside of a church : Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

BAR. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

FAL. Why, there is it : — come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a

gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter of an hour; pay'd money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well; and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

BAR. Why, you are so fat, sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir *John*.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

BAR. Why, sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire,

any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

BAR. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Enter Hostess.

FAL. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.—How now, dame *Partlet* the hen? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Hof. Why, sir *John*, what do you think, sir *John*? do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. You lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hof. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hof. No, sir *John*; you do not know me, sir *John*: I know you, sir *John*: you owe me money, sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Hof. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look in his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks;

I'll not pay a denier : What, will you make a younker of me ? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd ? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hof. O, *Jesu!* I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How ! the prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup ; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince, and Peto, marching :

Falstaff meets, and puts himself before them ; playing upon his Truncheon, like a Fife.

FAL. How now, lad ? is the wind in that door, i'faith ? must we all march ?

BAR. Yea, two and two, *Newgate-fashion.*

Hof. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Pri. What say'st thou, mistress *Quickly?* How does thy husband ? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

Pri. What say'st thou, *Jack?*

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd : this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

Pri. What didst thou lose, *Jack?*

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of a forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Pri. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my lord ; and I said, I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is ; and said, he

would cudgel you.

Pri. What! he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee, than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid-*Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

FAL. What beast? why, an otter.

Pri. An otter, sir *John*? why an otter?

FAL. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

Pri. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

Pri. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, *Hal*? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*; and said, he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, *Bardolph*?

RAR. Indeed, sir *John*, you said so.

FAL. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

Pri. I say, 'tis copper; Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Pri. And why not, as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!

Pri. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, firrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboist rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reck'nings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell; And what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villainy? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

Pri. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest rea-

son; thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, *Hal*, to the news at court: for the robbery. lad,—How is that answer'd?

Pri. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is pay'd back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

BAR. Do, my lord.

Pri. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

Pri. *Bardolph*,—

BAR. My lord.

Pri. Go bear this † letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, My brother *John*; this † to my lord of *Westmoreland*.—

Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the *Temple* hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; *Percy* stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lye.

[*Exeunt Prince, Peto, and BAR.*]

FAL. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel Camp before Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and Others.

HOT. Well said, my noble *Scot*: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothsayers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOU. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breaths upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

HOT. Do so, and 'tis well:—
What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
MES. These letters, my good lord, come from your father.
HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself? [*Enter.*]
MES. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
HOT. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
MES. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
[*Hot-spur opens them, and reads.*]

WOR. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mef. He did, my lord, four days ere I fet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

WOR. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here, —that inward sickness holds him;
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, it's not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dou. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion ;
And we may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in :
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. Come, you strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, a more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'er-turn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dou. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard VERNON.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon* ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of *Westmoreland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince *John*.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges ; and with the wind
Bating, like eagles having lately bath'd :
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
I saw young *Harry*,—with his beaver up,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vault with such an ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in March,

¹² that with the wind Baited ²³ v. *Note.* ²⁵ bever on, ²⁸ vaulted

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours : — Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of *Wales* :
Harry to *Harry* shall, hot horte to horse ;
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.
 O, that *Glendower* were come !

VER. There is more news :

I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

DOU. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be ;

My father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily
 Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

DOU. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A publick Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF, and BARDOLPH.

FAL. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry* ; fill me a
 bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll

to *Sutton-Colfield* to-night.'

BAR. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BAR. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

BAR. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit.

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a fouc'd gurnet. I have mis-us'd the king's prefs damnably: I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I prefs me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck deer, or a hurt wild-fowl. I prest me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow

1 Sutton cop-hill 17 strucke foule, or a hurt wild ducke

23 dishonourable 30 thinke that I 31 totter'd

met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preft the dead bodies. No eye hath feen fuch scare-crows. I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the moft of them out of prison. There's but a fhirt and a half in all my company: and the half-fhirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the foulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the fhirt, to fay the truth, ftoln from my hoft at Saint *Alban's*, or the red-nose inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one; they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince, and Lord WESTMORELAND.

Pri. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

FAL. What, *Hal*? How now, mad wag? what a devil doft thou in *Warwickfhire*?—My good lord of *Westmoreland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

WES. 'Faith, fir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muft away all night.

FAL. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ftal cream.

Pri. I think, to ftal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, *Jack*; Whose fellows are thefe that come after?

FAL. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Pri. I did never fee fuch pitiful rafcals.

FAL. Tut, tut, good enough to tofs; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better:

tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WES. Ay, but, sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

FAL. 'Faith, for their poverty, — I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, — I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

Pri. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; *Percy* is already in the field. [*Exit.*

FAL. What, is the king encamp'd?

WES. He is, sir *John*; I fear, we shall stay too long. [*Exit.*

FAL. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Hot-spur's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOT-SPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS,
and VERNON.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOU. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOU. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, *Douglas*: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)
If well-respected honour bids me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, or any *Scot* that this day lives :—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

DOU. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : Certain horse of
My cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up :
Your uncle *Worcester's* horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter
Sir Walter BLUNT.

BLU. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

HOT. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt* ; And would to God,
You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well : and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name ;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

BLU. And God defend but still I should stand so,

² you, my Lord, or

So long as, out of limit and true rule,
 You stand against anointed majesty!
 But, to my charge. The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty: If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

HOT. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

Lay'd gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs ; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg* ;
 And now (forsooth) takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lye too heavy on the commonwealth :
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

BLU. I came not to hear this.

HOT. Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*.
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransom to lye forfeited :
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated my uncle from the council board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :

19 *Blunt*. Tut, I 25 engag'd

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

BLU. Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOT. Not so, sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

BLU. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

HOT. And, may be, so we shall.

BLU. Pray heaven, you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir *Michael*; bear this † sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This † to my cousin *Scroop*; and all the † rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gen. I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.

To-morrow, good sir *Michael*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord *Harry*: and I fear, sir *Michael*,—
What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
(Whose power was in the first proportion)
And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,

(Who with them was a rated finew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of *Percy* is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gen. Why, my good lord, I think, you need not fear;
There is the *Douglas*, and lord *Mortimer*:—

Arch. No,
Mortimer is not there.

Gen. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my lord of *Worcester*; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmoreland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gen. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir *Michael*, speed:
For, if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir *Michael*.
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp, near Shrewsbury.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

9 *Vernon, Lord Harry*

Sir Walter Blunt, and FALSTAFF.

K. H. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon' busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemp'ature.

Pri. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Fore-tells a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. H. Then with the losers let it sympathize ;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, and Vernon.
How now, my lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust ;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
'This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't ? will you again unknit
'This churlish knot of all-aborred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

WOR. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. H. You have not sought it, sir: How comes it then?

FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Pri. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard's* time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, dukedom of *Lancaster* :
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had born ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead,—
As, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster* ;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,

Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby you stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dang'rous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. H. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

Pri. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
 In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my hopes,—
 This present enterprize set off his head,—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. H. And, prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good *Worcester*, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubl'd with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, and Vernon.*]

Pri. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The *Douglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. H. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and P. John.*]

FAL. *Hal*, if thou see me down in the battle, and be-
 stride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Pri. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

Pri. Why, thou ow'st God a death [Exit.

FAL. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day: What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? *No.* Or an arm? *No.* Or take away the grief of a wound? *No.* Honour hath no skill in surgery then? *No.* What is honour? *A word.* What is that word, honour? *Air.* A trim reck'ning!—Who hath it? *He that dy'd o'wednesday.* Doth he feel it? *No.* Doth he hear it? *No.* Is it insensible then? *Yea, to the dead.* But will it not live with the living? *No.* Why? *Detraction will not suffer it:*—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II. Hot-spur's Camp.

Enter WORCESTER, and VERNON.

WOR. O no, my nephew must not know, sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

VER. 'Twere best, he did.

WOR. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors :
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespasss may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen :
 All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOT-SPUR, and DOUGLAS ;

Officers attending.

HOT. My uncle is return'd ;—Deliver up
 My lord of *Westmoreland*.—Uncle, what news ?

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

HOT. Defy him by the lord of *Westmoreland* :—
 Lord *Douglas*, do you go and tell him so.

DOU. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*]

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
 He calls us, rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Dou. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king *Henry's* teeth,
And *Westmoreland*, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of *Wales* stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hor. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and *Harry Monmouth*! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

Hor. Cousin, I think, thou art enamour'd
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine:—

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed :—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
[turning to the Officers.]

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up by perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My lord,
Here are letters for you.

Нот. I cannot read them now. —

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *M.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hor. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking; Only this—
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A † sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—*Esperance!*—*Percy!*—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace:
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.

[*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. They embrace, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plain between the Camps.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excursions, and Parties fighting.

Enter DOUGLAS, and BLUNT, meeting.

BLU. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou cross'st me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

DOU. Know then, my name is *Douglas*;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLU. They tell thee true.

DOU. The lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king *Harry*,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLU. I was not born a yielder, thou proud *Scot*;
And thou shalt find a king, that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death. [*fight, and Blunt is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* t'aus,
I never had triumph'd upon a *Scot*.

DOU. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

HOT. Where?

DOU. Here.

HOT. This, *Douglas*? no, I know this face full well;
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

DOU. A fool go with thy soul, where'er it goes!

[*to the Body.*]

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.

DOV. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

HOT. Up, and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity. I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

FAL. O *Hal*,

I pr'ythee, give me leave to breath a while:—
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,
As I have done this day:

I have pay'd *Percy*, I have made him sure.

Pri. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee now, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, *Hal*,

'Fore God, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not

My sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Pri. Give it me: What, is't in the case?

FAL. Ay, *Hal*; [*offering the Case to him.*]

'Tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*Prince opens, and draws out a Bottle of Sack.*]

Pri. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*throws it at him, and Exit.*]

FAL. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir *Walter* hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of it.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Prince John, and WESTMORELAND.

K. H. *Harry*, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Jo. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Pri. I do beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. H. I will do so:—My lord of *Westmoreland*,
Lead him to his tent.

Wes. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

Pri. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres! [*land,*]

P. Jo. We breath too long:—Come, cousin *Westmore-*

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. John, and West.*

Pri. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. H. I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Pri. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all!

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Dou. Another king! they grow like *Hydra's* heads:
I am the *Douglas*, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. H. The king himself; who, *Douglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek *Percy*, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Dou. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*engaging him.*

*The King being in Danger, Enter the
Prince of Wales.*

Pri. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of *Shirley*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms:
It is the prince of *Wales*, that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*fight ; and DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—

Sir *Nicholas Gawfey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton* ; I'll to *Clifton* straight.

K. H. Stay, breath a while :—

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Pri. O God ! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* over you ;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. H. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to sir *Nicholas Gawfey*.

[*Exit King.*]

As the Prince is going out, Enter HOT-SPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Pri. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Pri. Then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of *Wales* ; and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; And would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

Pri. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Well said, *Hal!* to it, *Hal!* Nay, you shall find
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, and makes at Falstaff;
who receives a Blow, and falls down, making Shew
as he were dead, and Exit Douglas. Hot-spur receives
a Wound, and falls.*

Hot. O, *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for— [*sinks, and dies.*

Pri. For worms, brave *Percy*: Fare thee well, great
heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a shew of zeal:—
But let my favours† hide thy mangl'd face:

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
 Be not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[going, and sees Falstaff.]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewell!
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy misf of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
 Imbowel'd will I see thee by and by;
 'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. *[Exit.]*

FAL. Imbowel'd! *[rising up slowly.]* if thou imbowel
 me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat
 me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit,
 or that hot termagant *Scot* had pay'd me scot and lot
 too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is
 to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a
 man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit
 dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counter-
 feit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The
 better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better
 part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this
 gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead: How if he should
 counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove
 the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure:
[giving him a Stab.] yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him;
 Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes
 me but eyes, and nobody sees me:—Therefore, firrah,

with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[takes Hot-spur on his Back.

Re-enter the Prince, and Prince John.

Pri. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

P. Jo. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Pri. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy,
That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but
if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*. There is
Percy: [throwing down his Load.] if your father will do
me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy*
himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Pri. Why, *Percy* I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

FAL. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is
given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of
breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant,
and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock. If I may be
believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour,
bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my
death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man
were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a
piece of my sword.

P. Jo. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Pri. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours:

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Princes.*]

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V. Another Part.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Prince John, Westmoreland, and Others; with WORCESTER, and Vernon, Prisoners.

K. H. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited *Worcester*! did we not send grace,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly born

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. H. Bear *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER, and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

Pri. The noble *Scot*, lord *Douglas*,—when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him: At my tent
The *Douglas* is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. H. With all my heart.

Pri. Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Douglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. Jo. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. H. Then this remains,—that we divide our power:
You, son *John*, and my cousin *Westmoreland*,
Towards *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland*, and the prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms;
Myself,—and you, son *Harry*,—will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business is so fairly done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won.

Flourish.

Exeunt.



HENRY IV.

Part II.

Persons represented.

King Henry the Fourth:

Henry, *Prince of Wales, (afterwards, King)*

Thomas, *Duke of Clarence,*

John, *Duke of Bedford,*

Humphrey, *Duke of Gloucester,*

} *his Sons.*

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Westmoreland.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Gower, and Harcourt, *Gentlemen about the King.*

Scroop, *Archbishop of York;*

Percy, *Earl of Northumberland;*

Thomas Lord Mowbray, *Earl Marshal;*

Lord Hastings; Lord Bardolph;

and Sir John Colville;

} *Enemies to
the King.*

Morton, and Travers, *Demesticks of Northumberland.*

Gentleman, Servant of the Chief Justice.

Poins, and Peto, *Attendants upon the Prince.*

Sir John Falstaff, *an irregular Humourist:*

Bardolph, and Pistol, *his Men; Page, his Boy.*

Shallow, and Silence, *country Justices.*

Wart, Feeble, Shadow, Mouldy, and Bull-calf, *Recruits.*

Fang, and Snare, *Officers. Davy, Shallow's Man.*

a Porter; Beadle; Messenger; two Drawers, and two Grooms.

Rumour. a Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly; and Doll Tear-sheet.

Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, England; dispersedly.

The second Part of
King HENRY the Fourth.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*
Enter the Goddeſs Rumour, in a Garment
painted full of Torgues.

RUM. Open your ears; For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commented on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports:
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, ſwolln with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmises, jealousies, conjectures;

And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is *Rumour* here?
 I run before king *Harry's* victory;
 Who, in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*,
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur*, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I,
 To speak of truth at first? my office is
 To noise abroad — that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword;
 And that the king before the *Douglas' rage*
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*
 And this † worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me; From *Rumour's* tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
 [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Porter *before the Gate*; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

BAR. Who keeps the gate here, ho? — Where is the earl?

Por. What shall I say you are?

BAR. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Por. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

BAR. Here comes the earl.

NOR. What news, lord *Bardolph*? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

BAR. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

NOR. Good, an heaven will.

BAR. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*: young prince *John*,
And *Westmoreland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field;
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since *Cæsar's* fortunes!

NOR. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

BAR. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

Enter TRAVERS, at a Distance.

NOR. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On tuesday last to listen after news.

BAR. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

NOR. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings comewith you?

TRA. My lord, sir *John Umfrevile* turn'd me back,
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost fore-spent with speed,
That stop'd by me to breath his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to *Chester* ; and of him
I did demand, what news from *Shrewsbury*.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, strook his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head ; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

NOR. Ha! again?
Said he, young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold ?
Of *Hot-spur*, cold-spur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck !

BAR. My lord, I'll tell you what ; —
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

NOR. Why should the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then such instances of loss ?

BAR. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stoln
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,

Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

NOR. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Fore-tells the nature of a tragick volume :
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —

Say, *Morton*, didst thou come from *Shrewsbury* ?

MOR. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

NOR. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou trembl'st ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd :
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue ;
And I my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say ; — Your son did thus, and thus ;
Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble *Douglas* ;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. *Douglas* is living, and your brother yet :
But, for my lord your son, —

NOR. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, *Morton* ;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NOR. Yet, for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
'Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
'The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
And he doth sin, that doth bely the dead ;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

BAR. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, weary'd and out-breath'd,
To *Harry Monmouth* ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him rebated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,

King Henry IV.

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-spur's* loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was the noble *Worcester*
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Douglas*, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*,
And *Westmoreland*: this is the news at full.

Nor. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
[throwing it from him.]

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoin;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach

The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd *Northumberland* !
 Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
 And let the world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act ;
 But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

BAR. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And sum'd the account of chance, before you said,—
 Let us make head : it was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows your son might drop :
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
 Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-born action : What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be ?

BAR. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dang'rous seas,
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one :

And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
 And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

MOR. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
 The gentle archbishop of *York* is up,
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight :
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion :
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair king *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones :
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great *Bolingbroke* ;
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

NOR. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;

I v. Note,

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. Street before the Court.

*Enter Sir John FALSTAFF; a Page with him,
bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Pag. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew cure for.

FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.—I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never man'd with an agat 'till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparell, and send you back again to your master for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd.—I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace,

but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the fatten for my short cloak, and floss?

Pag. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond, and yours; he lik'd not the security.

FAL. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter! — A whorson *Achitophel*! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security: I had as lief they would put rat's-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. — Where's *Bardolph*?

Pag. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worship a horse.

FAL. I bought him in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*: if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were man'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, his Gentleman following.

Pag. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about *Bardolph*.

FAL. Wait close, I will not see him.

[going.]

Ch. J. What's he that goes there?

Gen. *Falstaff*, an't please your lordship.

Cb. J. He that was in question for the robbery?

Gen. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord *John of Lancaster*.

Cb. J. What, to *York*? Call him back again.

Gen. Sir *John Falstaff*!

FAL. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Pag. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Cb. J. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Gen. Sir *John*,—

FAL. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Gen. You mistake me, sir.

FAL. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had ly'd in my throat if I had said so.

Gen. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you do lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FAL. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence! avant!

Gen. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. J. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

FAL. My good lord!—I give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. J. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

FAL. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. J. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

FAL. And I hear moreover, his highness is fall'n into this same whorson apoplexy.

Ch. J. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is (as I take it) a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorson tingling.

Ch. J. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath it's original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. J. I think, you are fall'n into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubl'd withal.

Ch. J. To punish you by the heels, would amend the

inattention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

FAL. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Cb. J. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Cb. J. Well, the truth is, sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Cb. J. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Cb. J. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

FAL. The youthful prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Cb. J. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FAL. My lord?

Cb. J. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Cb. J. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did

say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Cb. J. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Cb. J. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell : Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a goose-berry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Cb. J. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand ? a yellow cheek, a white beard ? a decreasing leg, an encreasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, sir *John* !

FAL. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly : for my voice, — I have lost it with hallowing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judg-

ment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it, and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. J. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

FAL. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. J. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord *John of Lancaster*, against the archbishop, and the earl of *Northumberland*.

FAL. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever. [But it was always yet the trick of our *English* nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Ch. J. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

FAL. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. J. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin *Westmoreland*. [*Exeunt Ch. Just. and Gent.*]

FAL. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Pag. Sir?

FAL. What money is in my purse?

Pag. Seven groats and two-pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this † letter to my lord of *Lancaster*; this † to the prince; this † to the earl of *Westmoreland*; and this † to old mistress *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of York; Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal; the Lords HASTINGS, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, [means;

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfy'd,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Has. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bar. The question then, lord *Hastings*, standeth thus ;—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*.

Has. With him, we may.

Bar. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
'Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph* ; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-spur's* case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bar. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

HAS. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

BAR. Yes, if the present quality of war
Impede the present action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at last, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,—
How able such a work to undergo,
How weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAS. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The very utmost man of expectation;

I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king. [sand?

BAR. What! is the king but five and twenty thou-

HAS. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord *Bar-*
dolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the *French*,
And one against *Glendower*; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [ther,

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths toge-
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

HAS. If he should do so,
To *French*, and *Welsh*, he leaves his back unarm'd,
'They baying him at the heels: never fear that.

BAR. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

HAS. The duke of *Lancaster*, and *Westmoreland*:
Against the *Welsh*, himself, and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of her own choice,
Her over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trim'd up in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*;
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
 They that, when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud *London* he came fighting on
 After the admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
 Cry'st now, O *earth*, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Has. We are time's subjects, and time bids—be gone.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

*Enter the Hostess; PHANG, and his Boy, with
 her; and SNARE following.*

Hof. Mr. *Phang*, have you enter'd the action?

PHA. It is enter'd.

Hof. Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
 will 'a stand to't?

PHA. Sirrah, where's *Snare*? [to the Boy.]

Hof. Ay, ay, good! Mr. *Snare*.

SNA. Here, here.

PHA. *Snare*, we must arrest sir *John Falstaff*.

Hof. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*; I have enter'd him and all.

SNARE. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Hof. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

PHA. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hof. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

PHA. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice;—

Hof. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good Mr. *Phang*, hold him sure;—good Mr. *Snare*, let him not scape.—He comes continuantly to *Pye-corner*, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubber's head in *Lumbert-street*, to Mr. *Smooth's* the silk-man: I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have born, and born, and born; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, Page, and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, *Bardolph*, with him.—Do your offices, do your offices, Mr. *Phang*, and Mr. *Snare*; do me, do me, do me your offices.

[*Officers, and Hostess, make up to him.*]

FAL. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

PHA. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of mistress *Quickly*.

FAL. Away, varlets!—Draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

[draw, and a Scuffle ensues.

Hof. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue:—Murder! murder!—O thou hony-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou hony-feed rogue! thou art a hony-feed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

FAL. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

PHA. A rescue! a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue; do, thou hemp-feed.

Pag. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you sustillarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe. [trying to take her off.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. J. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

[Scuffle ceases.

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. J. How now, sir *John*? what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*.—Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of *East-cheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. J. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,

all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

FAL. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Cb. J. How comes this, sir *John*? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

FAL. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on wednesday in Whitson-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of *Windfor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

FAL. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you:

she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: But for these foolish officers,—I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. J. Sir *John*, sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way: It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hof. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. J. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make curt'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, (my humble duty remember'd) I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. J. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

FAL. Come hither, hostess. *[taking her aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. J. Now, master *Gower*; What news?

Mes. The king, my lord, and *Harry* prince of *Wales*, Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;— *[delivering a Packet.*

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

FAL. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

FAL. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty flight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the *German* hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst: Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Pray thee, sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

FAL. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me altogether?

FAL. Will I live?—"Go, with her, with her; [*to Bar.*]" "hook on, hook on."

Hof. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

FAL. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hof. Bar. Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. J. I have heard better news. [*putting up his Letters.*]

FAL. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. J. Where lay the king last night?

Mej. At *Basingstoke*, my lord.

FAL. I hope, my lord, all's well; What's the news, my lord?

Ch. J. Come all his forces back?

Mes. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaster*,
Against *Northumberland*, and the archbishop.

FAL. Comes the king back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. J. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good master *Gower*.

FAL. My lord! [*Slaying him.*]

Ch. J. What's the matter?

FAL. Master *Gower*, [*turning short from the Ch. Just.*]
shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Mes. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank
you, good sir *John*.

Ch. J. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you
are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FAL. Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

Ch. J. What foolish master taught you these manners,
sir *John*?

FAL. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was
a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing
grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. J. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great
fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Prince Henry, and POINS.

Pri. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poi. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst
not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Pri. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the com-
plexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not
shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poi. Why, a prince should not be so loosely study'd, as to remember so weak a composition.

Pri. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name; or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I: for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: [And God knows, whether those, that bawl out from the ruins of thy linnen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.]

Poi. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Pri. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poi. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Pri. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poi. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Pri. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to

thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poi. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Pri. Thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency; Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poi. The reason?

Pri. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poi. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Pri. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poi. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to *Falstaff*.

Pri. And to thee.

Poi. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me, is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

Enter BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pri. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

BAR. 'Save your grace!

Pri. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*!

BAR. Come, you virtuous afs, [*to the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Pag. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

Pri. Hath not the boy profited? [*to Poin.*]

BAR. Away, you whorson upright rabbet, away!

Pag. Away, you rascally *Alibea*'s dream, away!

Pri. Instruct us, boy; What dream, boy?

Pag. Marry, my lord, *Alibea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him, her dream.

Pri. A crown's-worth of good interpretation;—there† it is, boy.

Poi. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there† is six-pence to preserve thee.

BAR. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Pri. And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

BAR. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's† a letter for you.

Poi. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas your master?

BAR. In bodily health, fir.

Poi. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

Pri. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

[*giving Poin the Letter.*]

Poi. [*reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

Pri. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But the letter:—

Poi. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

Pri. Peace!

Poi. *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity;—sure, he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poin; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.—My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.*

Pri. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? must I marry your sister?

Poi. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Pri. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in *London*?

BAR. Yes, my lord.

Pri. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

BAR. At the old place, my lord; in *East cheap*.

Pri. What company?

Pag. *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church.

Pri. Sup any women with him?

Pag. None, my lord, but old mistrefs *Quickly*, and mistrefs *Doll Tear-sheet*.

Pri. What pagan may that be?

Pag. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Pri. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at supper?

Poi. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Pri. Sirrah, you boy,—and *Barndolph*;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence. [*giving them Money.*]

BAR. I have no tongue, sir.

Pag. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

Pri. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Pag. and BAR.*] This *Doll Tear-sheet* should be some road.

Poi. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint *Alban's* and *London*.

Pri. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen.

Poi. [*after pausing a little.*] Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Pri. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was *Jove's* case: From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing,

the purpose must weigh with the folly.—Follow me,
Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *his Lady, and*
Lady Percy.

NOR. I pray thee, loving wife,—and gentle daughter,—
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to *Percy* troublesome.

La.N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NOR. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

La.P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart's dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry in *England* move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wond'rous him!
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
 (Second to none, unseconded by you)
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 At disadvantage; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the found of *Hot-spur's* name
 Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
 Never, o never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on *Hot-spur's* neck,
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

NoR. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient over-sights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

La.N. O, fly to *Scotland*,
 'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

La.P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves: So did your son;

He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

NOR. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back : —
 I will resolve for *Scotland* ; there am I,
 'Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. Room in Quickly's House.

Enter a Drawer, with Bottles and Glasses ;

Another following, with Plates.

1. *D.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-*Johns*? thou know'st, sir *John* cannot endure an apple-*John*.

2. *D.* Mass, thou say'st true: The prince once set a dish of apple-*Johns* before him, and told him, there were five more sir *Johns*: and, putting off his hat, said, — *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1. *D.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out *Sneak's* noise ; mistress *Tear-sheet* would fain have some musick. Dispatch: [*Table cover'd; Bottles, &c. set on.*] the room where they sapt, is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

2. *D.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master *Poins*, anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins,

and aprons; and fir *John* must not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *D.* Then here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *D.* I'll see, if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exit.

Enter Hostess, and Doll Tear-sheet.

Hof. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Hof. Why, that's well said; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes fir *John*.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

FAL. *When Arthur first in court.*—

Empty the jordan. [*pointing to the other Room.* Exit *Drawer.*

And was a worthy king;—

How now, mistress *Doll*?

Hof. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

FAL. So is all her sect; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FAL. You make fat rascals, mistress *Doll*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FAL. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, *Doll*: we catch of you, *Doll*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOL. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

FAL. Your brooches,—Pearls, and ouches;—for to serve bravely, is, to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:— [self!

DOL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang your-

Hof. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*to Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Dra. Sir, ancient *Pistol's* below, and would speak with you.

DOL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in *England*.

Hof. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best;—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

FAL. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hof. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir *John*; there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally, sir *John*, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick*, the deputy, the other day: and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he,—master *Dumb*, our minister, was by then;—*neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil*; for, saith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon;—for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on*; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no swagging companions:—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

FAL. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swaggar with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [Exit Drawer.]

Hof. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swagging; I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

DoL. So you do, hostess.

Hof. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Ancient PISTOL, strutting; BARDOLPH, and Page, with him.

Pis. 'Save you, sir *John*!

FAL. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge

you with a cup of sack; [*filling, and reaching out to him.*] do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pis. I will discharge upon her, sir *John*, with two bullets. [*filling another Glass for the Hostess.*]

FAL. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: [*putting the Glass from her.*] I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pis. Then to you, mistress *Dorothy*; I will charge you.

DOL. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linnen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pis. I know you, mistress *Dorothy*.

DOL. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler you! Since when, I pray you, sir? What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pis. I will murder your ruff for this. [*reaching at it.*]

FAL. No more, *Pistol*; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, *Pistol*.

Hof. No, good captain *Pistol*; not here, sweet captain.

DOL. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? if captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang

him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy flew'd-pruins, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word, captain, odious; therefore captains had need look to it.

BAR. Pray thee, go down, good arcient.

FAL. Hark thee hither, mistress *Doll*.

PIS. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*; I could tear her;—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Pag. Pray thee, go down.

PIS. I'll see her damn'd first;

To *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep,

Where *Erebus* and tortures vile also.

Hold hook and line, say I. Down!

Down dogs, down faitors; Have we not *Hiren* here?

[clapping his Hand to his Sword.

Hof. Good captain *Peesel*, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler. [horses,

PIS. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-
And hollow pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæsars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*?

Nay, rather, damn them with king *Cerberus*;

And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BAR. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon. [pins:

PIS. Die men, like dogs; give crowns away, like
Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. O'my word, captain, there's none such here.
What the good-yêar! do you think, I would deny her?

for God's fake, be quiet.

PIS. Then, Feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*.—
Come, give's some sack.—

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—

Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweet heart, lye thou there.

[*to his Sword.*

Come we to full points here; [*seizing upon a Bottle.*] And
are *et cætera*'s nothing?

FAL. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIS. Sweetknight, I kifs thy neaf: What! we have seen
The seven stars.

DOL. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such
a fustian rascal. [nags?

PIS. Thrust him down stairs! know we not *Galloway*

FAL. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat
shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he
shall be nothing here.

BAR. Come, get you down stairs.

PIS. What! shall we have incision? shall we em-
brew? [*snatching up his Sword, and drawing.*
Then, death, rock me asleep; abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, gasty, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! come, *Atropos*, I say!

Hof. Here's goodly stuff toward!

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy. [to the Page.

DOL. I pray thee, *Jack*, I pray thee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs.

[*drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Hof. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping
house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So;
murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked

weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* PISTOL, and BARDOLPH.

DOL. I pray thee, *Jack*, be quiet; the rascal is gone: Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

FAL. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

BAR. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i'the shoulder.

FAL. A rascal! to brave me!

DOL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whorson chops: [*wiping him.*] Ah, rogue, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

FAL. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOL. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter two or three Fiddlers.

Pag. The musick is come, sir.

FAL. Let them play;—Play, firs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. [*Musick.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

DOL. I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whorson little tidy *Bartholomew* boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter the Prince, and POINS, at a Distance, in the Habit of Drawers.

FAL. Peace, good *Doll*! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

DOL. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chip'd bread well.

DOL. They say, *Poins* hath a good wit.

FAL. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

DOL. Why doth the prince love him so then?

FAL. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn scales between their aver-du-pois. [cut off?

Pri. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears

POI. Let's beat him before his whore.

Pri. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

POI. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

FAL. Kifs me, *Doll*.

[*she kisses him.*

Pri. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

POI. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon*, his man,

[*seeing Bardolph sweet upon the Hostess.*] be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

DOL. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAL. I am old, I am old.

DOL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FAL. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o'thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to-bed. Thou't forget me, when I am gone.

DOL. Thou't set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return. Well, harken the end.

FAL. Some sack, *Francis*.

Pri. *Poi.* Anon, anon, sir. [*coming forward.*]

FAL. Ha! [*starting up.*] a bastard son of the king's?— And art not thou *Poins*, his brother?

Pri. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

FAL. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Pri. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears. [*they uncase.*]

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to *London*. Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from *Wales*?

FAL. Thou whorson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, [*laying his Hand upon Doll.*] thou art welcome.

DOL. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poi. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Pri. You whorson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hof. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

FAL. Didst thou hear me?

Pri. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-bill*: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

FAL. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

Pri. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

FAL. No abuse, *Hal*, on mine honour; no abuse.

Pri. No! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

FAL. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poi. No abuse!

FAL. No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*;—none, *Ned*, none;—no, boys, none.

Pri. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us. Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poi. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAL. The fiend hath prick'd down *Bardolph* irrecoverable ; and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him ; but the devil out-bids him too.

Pri. For the women,—

FAL. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul : For the other,—I owe her money ; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

FAL. No, I think, thou art not ; I think, thou art quit for that : Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hof. All vit'lars do so : What's a joint of mutton, or two, in a whole lent ?

Pri. You gentlewoman,—

DoL. What says your grace ?

FAL. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking heard.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door there, *Francis*.

Enter PETO, hastily.

Pri. *Peto*, how now ? what news ?

PET. The king your father is at *Westminster* ; And there are twenty weak and weary'd posts, Come from the north : and, as I came along, I met, and over-took, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir *John Falstaff*.

Pri. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to prophane the precious time ;
 When tempest of commotion, like the south
 Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
 Give me my sword, and cloak :—*Falstaff*, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poi. PET. and BAR.*]

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,
 and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knock.*] More
 knocking at the door?—[*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*] How now?
 what's the matter?

BAR. You must away to court, sir, presently ;
 A dozen captains stay at door for you.

FAL. Pay the musicians, firrah.—[*to the Page.*] Fare-
 wel, hostess;—farewel, *Doll*.—You see, my good wenches,
 how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may
 sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel,
 good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see
 you again ere I go.

DOL. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to
 burst:—Well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt FAL. and BAR.*]

Hos. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these
 twenty nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest,
 and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

BAR. [*within.*] Mistress *Tear-sheet*,—

Hos. What's the matter?

BAR. Bid mistress *Tear-sheet* come to my master.

Hos. O, run, *Doll*, run; run, good *Doll*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the King, in his Night-gown ;
a Page attending.*

K. H. Go, call the earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick* ;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these † letters,
And well consider of them : Make good speed. —

[*Exit Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ? — O sleep, o gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds, —
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, o partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lye down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK, and Surrey.

WAR. Many good morrows to your majesty.

K. H. Is it good morrow, lords?

WAR. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. H. Why then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WAR. We have, my liege.

K. H. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WAR. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. H. O God! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for *Neptune's* hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress thorough,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and set him down and die.

—————'Tis not ten years gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,

Were they at wars : It is but eight years, since
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul ;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And lay'd his love and life under my foot ;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of *Richard*,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, [*to War.*] as I may remember)
 When *Richard*, — with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*, —
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
Northumberland, *thou ladder, by the which*
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ; —
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent ;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss : —
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : — so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

WAR. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
 The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lye entreaured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time :
 And, by the necessary form of these,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess, —
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,

Unless on you.

K. H. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

WAR. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
'The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers, that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that *Glendower* is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. H. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the holy land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Village in Gloucestershire.

*Court of Shallow's House. Enter SHALLOW, and
SILENCE, meeting: WART, FEEBLE, SHADOW,
MOULDY, and BULL-CALF, at a Distance;
a Servant, or two, with them.*

SHA. Come on, come on, come on; give me your
hand, fir, give me your hand, fir: an early stirrer, by
the rood. And how doth my good cousin *Silence*?

SIL. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

SHA. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and
your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen*?

SIL. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

SHA. By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin *William* is become a good scholar: He is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

SIL. Indeed, fir; to my cost.

SHA. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of *Clement's*-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

SIL. You were call'd—lusty *Shallow*, then, cousin.

SHA. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Barnes*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squeal* a *Cots-wold* man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-roba's* were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, now fir *John*, a boy; and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, duke of *Norfolk*.

SIL. This fir *John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHA. The same fir *John*, the very same. I saw him break *Skogan's* head, at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus † high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray's*-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHA. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the psalmist faith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHA. Death is certain.—Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, fir.

SHA. Dead! See, see! he drew a good bow;—And dead! he shot a fine shoot:—*John* of *Gaunt* lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapt i' the clout at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft, (a fourteen, and fourteen and a half) that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

SIL. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHA. And is old *Double* dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, and One with him.

SIL. Here come two of fir *John Falstaff's* men, as I think.

BAR. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice *Shallow*?

SHA. I am *Robert Shallow*, fir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

BAR. My captain, fir, commends him to you; my captain, fir *John Falstaff*: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

SHA. He greets me well, fir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

BAR. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

SHA. It is well said, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very com-

mendable. Accommodated ! it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

BAR. Pardon, fir ; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? by this day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a foldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated ; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

SHA. It is very just :—Look, here comes good fir *John*.—Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand : By my troth, you look well ; and bear your years very well : welcome, good fir *John*.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow* :—Master *Sure-card*, as I think.

SHA. No, fir *John* ; it is my cousin *Silence*, in commission with me.

FAL. Good master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SIL. Your good worship is welcome.

FAL. Fie ! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

SHA. Marry, have we, fir. Will you sit ? [*Stools brought out.*]

FAL. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHA. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—[*Servants give him a Roll, and bring the Recruits forward.*] Let me see, let me see, let me see : so, so, so, so : Yea, marry, fir ;—*Ralph Mouldy* :—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; Where is *Mouldy* ?

MOU. Here, an't please you.

SHA. What think you, fir *John*? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

MOU. Yea, an't please you.

FAL. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

SHA. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use; Very singular good!—Well said, fir *John*; very well said.

FAL. Prick him.

[to Shallow.

MOU. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now; for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL. Go to; peace, *Mouldy*, you shall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

MOU. Spent!

SHA. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, fir *John*:—let me see;—*Simon Shadow*!

FAL. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold foldier.

SHA. Where's *Shadow*?

SHAD. Here, fir.

FAL. *Shadow*, whose son art thou?

SHAD. My mother's son, fir.

FAL. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

SHA. Do you like him, fir *John*?

FAL. *Shadow* will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHA. *Thomas Wart!*

FAL. Where's he?

WAR. Here, fir.

FAL. Is thy name *Wart*?

WAR. Yea, fir.

FAL. Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHA. Shall I prick him, fir *John*?

FAL. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHA. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, fir; you can do it: I commend you well.—*Francis Feeble!*

FEE. Here, fir.

SHA. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

FEE. A woman's tailor, fir.

SHA. Shall I prick him, fir?

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

FAL. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous *Feeble!* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*; deep, master *Shallow*.

FEE. I would, *Wart* might have gone, fir.

FAL. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many

thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

FEE. It shall suffice, fir. [next?]

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*.—Who is

SHA. *Peter Bull-calf* of the green!

FAL. Yea, marry, let us see *Bull-calf*.

BUL. Here, fir.

FAL. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me *Bull-calf*, 'till he roar again.

BUL. O! good my lord captain,—

FAL. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

BUL. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

FAL. What disease hast thou?

BUL. A whorson cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

FAL. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

SHA. Here is more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FAL. Come, I will go drink with you, [*rising*.] but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

SHA. O, fir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in faint *George's* fields?

FAL. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

SHA. Ha, it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

FAL. She lives, master *Shallow*.

SHA. She could never away with me.

19 is two more 32 never could

FAL. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master *Shallow*.

SHA. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *Bona-roba*: Doth she hold her own well?

FAL. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

SHA. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came from *Clement's-inn*.

SIL. That's fifty-five years ago.

SHA. Ha, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, fir *John*, said I well?

FAL. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master *Shallow*.

SHA. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, fir *John*, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

BUL. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend; and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BAR. Go to; stand aside.

MOU. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, fir.

BAR. Go to; stand aside.

FEE. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve 's prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

BAR. Well said, thou'rt a good fellow.

FEE. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.

FAL. Come, fir, which men shall I have?

SHA. Four of which you please.

BAR. Sir, a word with you:—"I have three pound, "to free *Mouldy*, and *Bull-calf*."

FAL. "Go to; well."

SHA. Come, fir *John*, which four will you have?

FAL. Do you choose for me.

SHA. Marry then,—*Mouldy*, *Bull-calf*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

FAL. *Mouldy*, and *Bull-calf*:—For you, *Mouldy*,—stay at home 'till you are past service:—and for you, *Bull-calf*,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

SHA. Sir *John*, fir *John*, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

FAL. Will you tell me, master *Shallow*, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblage of a man? give me the spirit, master *Shallow*.—Here's *Wart*;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy;

the foe-mán may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into *Wart's* hand, *Bardolph*.

BAR. Hold, *Wart*, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot.—Well said, *Wart*; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester† for thee.

SHA. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-end* green, when I lay at *Clement's*-inn, (I was then sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur's* show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece† thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tab, tab*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say: and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

FAL. These fellows will do well, master *Shallow*.—God keep you, master *Silence*; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—*Bardolph*, give the soldiers coats.

SHA. Sir *John*, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

FAL. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

SHA. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* *SHALLOW*, and *SILENCE*.]

FAL. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, *Bar-*

dolph ; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt BAR. Recruits, &c.*]
As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice *Shallow*. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turn-bull* street; and every third word a lie, duer pay'd to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's*-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd raddish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions, to any thick sight, were invincible: he was the very *Genius* of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rere-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this *Vice's* dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt*, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn, he never saw him but once in the tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told *John of Gaunt*, he beat his own name: for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he—land, and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and

there an end.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY,

HASTINGS, Officers, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd ?

Has. 'Tis *Gualtree* forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Has. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland* ;
Their cold intent, tenure and substance, thus :—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland* : and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Has. Now, what news ?

Mes. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form come on the enemy :
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mow. I think, it is my lord of *Westmoreland*.

Wes. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord *John*, and duke of *Lancaster*.

Arch. Say on, my lord of *Westmoreland*, in peace ;
What doth concern your coming ?

Wes. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary ;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd ;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed Spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ?
Turning your books to glaives, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances ; and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseases'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease,
Our late king, *Richard*, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of *Westmoreland*,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now)

Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

Wes. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd ?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, [*shewing Mowbray.*] the
 common-wealth ;
 To brother born an household cruelty
 I make my quarrel in particular.

Wes. There is no need of any such redress ;
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mow. Why not to him, in part ; and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before ;
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours ?

Wes. O my good lord *Mowbray*,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on : Were you not restor'd
 To all the duke of *Norfolk's* signories,
 Your noble and right well-remember'd father's ?

Mow. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
 And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke*, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
 Their armed slaves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through fights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
 My father from the breast of *Bolingbroke*,
 O, then the king did throw his warder down.
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
 Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarry'd under *Bolingbroke*. [what :

Wes. You speak, lord *Mowbray*, now you know not
 The duke of *Hereford* was reputed then
 In *England* the most valiant gentleman;
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
 But, if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*:
 For all the country, in a general voice,
 Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
 Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is meer digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience: and wherein
 It shall appear, that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,

That might so much as hint you enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Wes. *Mowbray*, you over-ween, to take it so ;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo, within a ken our army lies ;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

Wes. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Has. Hath the prince *John* a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

Wes. That is intended in the general's name :
I muse, you make so flight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of *Westmoreland*, this †
schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
'That are infinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confirm'd ;
We come within our lawful banks again,

And knit our powers up to the arm of peace.

Wes. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,
In fight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, (which heaven so frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *Wes.*

Mow. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Has. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mow. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Has. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement:
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true: —

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of *Westmoreland*.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Wes. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lord-
 ship, [to *Mow.*

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies;

Mow. My lord of *York*, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Part of it.*

An open Tent set up; Servants attending. Trumpets.

Enter, from one Side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other Side,

*Prince John of Lancaster, and WESTMORELAND;
Officers, and Others, with them.*

Pr. J. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin *Mowbray*:—

Good day to you, gentle lord árchbishop;—
And so to you, lord *Hastings*,—and to all.—
My lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembl'd by the bell,
Encircl'd you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so: Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of *Lancaster*,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Westmoreland*,
The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense,
Croud us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which have been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this *Hydra*-son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Has. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles *England* shall have generation.

Pr. J. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Wes. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Pr. J. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Pr. J. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

[drinks, and gives the Cup to the Archbishop.]

Has. Go, captain, *[to an Officer.]* and deliver to the
 army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
 I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of *Westmoreland*.

[drinks, and gives to West.]

Wes. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what
 pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
 You would drink freely: but my love to you
 Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

Wes. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, *Mowbray*.

[drinks, and gives to Mow.]

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season;
 For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
 But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

Wes. Therefore be merry, coz; *[to Mow.]* since sudden
 sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

Pr. J. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

Mow. This had been chearful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither party loser.

Pr. J. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit *Wes.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains

March by us; that we may peruse the men,

We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord *Hastings*,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit *Has.*]

Pr. J. I trust, lords, we shall lye to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND,

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

Wes. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Pr. J. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Has. My lord, [*to the Arch.*] our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

Wes. Good tidings, my lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord árchbishop,—and you, lord *Mowbray*,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

Wes. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Pr. J. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;

[*Drums, and Exeunt Officers.*]

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same. Another Part.

Drums. Excursions, and Parties flying. Enter

FALSTAFF, and COLEVILE, meeting.

FAL. What's your name, fir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

COL. I am a knight, fir? and my name is—*Colevile* of the dale.

FAL. Well then, *Colevile* is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: *Colevile* shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still, *Colevile* of the dale.

COL. Are not you fir *John Falstaff*?

FAL. As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, fir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouze up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COL. I think, you are fir *John Falstaff*; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all, speaks any other word than my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in *Europe*: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me!— Here comes our general.

Drums. Enter Prince John, and Forces ;
Westmoreland, and Others.

Pr. J. The heat is past, follow no farther now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin *Westmoreland*.—

[*Exit West.*]

Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken fir *John Colevile* of the dale; a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yiel-

ded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*,—I came, saw, and overcame.

Pr. J. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'er-shine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Pr. J. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL. Let it shine then.

Pr. J. Thine's too thick to shine.

FAL. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Pr. J. Is thy name *Colevile*?

COL. It is, my lord.

Pr. J. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COL. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Pr. J. Now, have you left pursuit?

WES. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Pr. J. Send *Colevile* here, with his confederates,
To *York*, to present execution :—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.—

[*Exeunt Some with COLEVILE.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords ;

I hear, the king my father is fore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him ;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through *Glostershire* : and, when you come to court, stand
my good lord in your good report.

Pr. J. Fare you well, *Falstaff* : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt All but Falstaff.*

FAL. I would, you had the wit ; 'twere better than
your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make
him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.
There's never any of these demure boys come to any
proof : for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and
making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of
male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they
get wenches : they are generally fools, and cowards ;—
which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.
A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It
ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish,
and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it : makes
it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,
and delectable shapes ; which deliver'd o'er to the voice,
(the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.
The second property of your excellent sherris, is,—the

warming of the blood; which, before cold and settl'd, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extream: It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil; 'till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good (and good store of) fertil sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.—

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, *Bardolph*?

BAR. The army is discharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go I'll through *Glostershire*; and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow* esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry; the Princes, Thomas, and Humphrey, his Sons; Earl of WARWICK, and Others.

K. H. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. H. *Humphrey*, my son of *Gloster*,
Where is the prince your brother ?

Pr. H. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windfor*.

K. H. And how accompany'd ?

Pr. H. I do not know, my lord.

K. H. Is not his brother, *Thomas of Clarence*, with him ?

Pr. H. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Pr. T. What would my lord and father ?

K. H. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas of Clarence*.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother ;
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas* ;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren : —
Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love ;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity ;
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :—
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
 'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingl'd with venom of suggestion,
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As *aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Pr.T. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. H. Why art thou not at *Windfor* with him, *Thomas* ?

Pr.T. He is not there to-day ; he dines in *London*.

K. H. And how accompany'd ? canst thou tell that ?

Pr.T. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. H. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is over-spread with them : Therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his head-strong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:—
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers: and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. H. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
 In the dead carrion. Who's here? *Westmoreland?*

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Wes. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
 Added to that that I am to deliver!
 Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been born,
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;

[kneels, and gives a Packet.

With every course, in his particular.

K. H. O *Westmoreland*, thou art a summer bird,
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

HAR. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,
With a great power of *English*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the sheriff of *Yorkshire* overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

[kneels, and delivers it.]

K. H. And wherefore should these good news make
me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[sinks, and falls into a Fit.]

Pr. H. Comfort, your majesty !

Pr. T. O my royal father !

WES. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

WAR. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Pr. T. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs :
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Pr. H. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners; as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Pr. T. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandfire, *Edward*, sick'd and dy'd.

WAR. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Pr. H. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. H. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

*[Attendants, and Lords, take the King up; convey
him into an inner Room, and lay him upon a Bed.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

WAR. Call for the musick in the other room.

[to an Att. who goes out.]

K. H. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Pr. T. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR. Less noise, less noise.

Enter the Prince.

Pri. Who saw the duke of *Clarence*?

Pr. T. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Pri. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

Pr. H. Exceeding ill.

Pri. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Pr. H. He is told; and alter'd much

Upon the hearing it.

Pri. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

WAR. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince,
speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Pr. T. Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR. Wilt please your grace to go along with us?

Pri. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.—

[Exeunt, leaving the Prince.]

Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation, golden care,

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!—

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty,

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, this light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

[calling loud, and stirring him.]

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many *English* kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,

Shall, o dear father, pay thee plenteously:

[kneels, and kisses him.]

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

[taking it from the Pillow.

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it fits:—

[putting it upon his Head.

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me; This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.

K. H. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

[waking.

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, hastily.

Pr. T. Doth the king call?

WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. H. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Pr. T. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. H. The prince of *Wales*? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

WAR. This door is open; he is gone this way. *[stay'd.*

Pr. H. He came not through the chamber where we

K. H. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WAR. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. H. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of *Warwick*; chide him hither.—

[Exit WAR.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers [care,
 Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with
 Their bones with industry;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets;
 Packing our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive; we, like the bees,
 Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 'Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K.H. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, *Harry*:—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt WAR. and the rest.*

Pri. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K.H. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stoln that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not;
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd: Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the *English* court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might :
 For the fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopl'd with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Pri. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
 The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke;
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;

[kneeling, and presenting it.]

And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise;
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it strook my heart! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;
 And never live to shew the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed!
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,

King Henry IV.

And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable :
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head ;
To try with it, — as with an enemy,
That had before my face murther'd my father, —
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it ;
Let God for ever keep it from my head !
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. H. O my son !

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence ;
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breath. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd-ways,
I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head :
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the foil of the atchievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:—
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene,
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
 And thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out:
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd;
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear,
 To be again displac'd:—which to avoid,
 I cut them off: and had a purpose now,
 To lead out many to the holy land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence born out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, o, God forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
Pri. My gracious liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince John, WARWICK, Lords,
and Others.*

K. H. Look, look, here comes my *John* of Lancaster.

Pr. J. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. H. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son
John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of *Warwick*?

Pri. My lord of *Warwick*!

K. H. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WAR. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble lord.

K. H. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in *Jerusalem*;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the holy land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lye;
In that *Jerusalem* shall *Harry* die.

[Exeunt, bearing out the King.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. *Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

SHA. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-
night.—What, *Davy*, I say!

FAL. You must excuse me, master *Robert Shallow*.

SHA. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, *Davy*!

Enter DAVY.

DAV. Here, sir.

SHA. *Davy, Davy, Davy*,—let me see, *Davy*; let me see: *William* cook, bid him come hither.—Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

DAV. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be serv'd: and again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

SHA. With red wheat, *Davy*. But for *William* cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

DAV. Yes, sir. Here is now † the smith's note, for shooin, and plough-irons.

SHA. Let it be cast, and pay'd:—Sir *John*, you shall not be excus'd.

DAV. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: And, sir, do you mean to stop any of *William*'s wages, about the sack he lost the other day at *Hinckley* fair?

SHA. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, *Davy*; a couple of short-leg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell *William* cook.

DAV. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHA. Yes, *Davy*. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, *Davy*; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

DAV. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

SHA. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy business, *Davy*.

DAV. I beseech you, sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Woncot* against *Clement Perkes* o'the hill.

SHA. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAV. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

SHA. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, *Davy* [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir *John*? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

BAR. I am glad to see your worship.

SHA. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master *Bardolph*:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the Page.*] Come, sir *John*.

FAL. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*.—

[*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BAR. and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like servingman: their spirits are so marry'd in conjunction with

the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keep prince *Harry* in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! o, you shall see him laugh, 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill lay'd up.

SHA. [*within.*] Sir *John*!

FAL. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the Chief Justice,
meeting.

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. J. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. J. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. J. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,

Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Cb. J. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time :
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter the three younger Princes, Westmoreland,
and Others.*

WAR. Here come the heavy issue of dead *Harry* :—
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Cb. J. Alas! I fear, all will be over-turn'd.

Pr. J. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Pr. T. and H. Good morrow, cousin.

Pr. J. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WAR. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk. [vy!

Pr. J. Well, Peace be with him that hath made us hea-

Cb. J. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Pr. H. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Pr. J. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Pr. T. Well, you must now speak sir *John Falstaff* fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Cb. J. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the imperial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission:—
 If truth and upright innocency fail me,
 I'll to the king my master that is dead,
 And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WAR. Here comes the prince.

Enter the new King, attended.

Ch. J. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

Kin. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
 Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
 Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
 This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* court;
 Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,
 But *Harry Harry*:—Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen lay'd upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
 Yet weep, that *Harry's* dead; and so will I:
 But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

Pr. J. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

Kin. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
[to the Ch. Just.]

You are (I think) assur'd, I love you not.

Ch. J. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me. *[get]*

Kin. No! How might a prince of my great hopes for-

So great indignities you lay'd upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of *England*! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Cb 7. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And strook me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
'To have a son set your decrees at nought;
'To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
'To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:—
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Kin. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may encrease,

'Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;—

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son:

And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice. You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand

The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,

As you have done 'gainst me. There † is my hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents

To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lye my affections:

And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world;

To frustrate prophecies; and to 'rase out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now:

Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*to the Ch. Just.*

Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state:
 And (God consigning to my good intent)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
 Heaven shorten *Harry's* happy life one day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Gloucestershire. Orchard of Shallow's House.
 Tables under an Arbor. Enter DAVY, with Wine, Plates, &c.
 After which, Enter SHALLOW, baling in Sir John FAL-
 STAFF; SILENCE, somewhat drunk; BARDOLPH,
 and the Page.

SHA. Nay, you shall see my orchard: where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine own
 grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth;—come,
 cousin Silence;—and so to bed.

FAL. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHA. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars
 all, sir *John*:—marry, good air.—Spread, *Davy*; spread,
Davy: well said, *Davy*.

FAL. 'This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your
 serving-man, and your husband-man.

SHA. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good var-
 let, sir *John*:—By the mass, I have drunk too much

sack at supper :—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin. [*they sit.*]

SIL. Ah, firrah! quoth'a.—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[*singing.*]

*And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap, and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily, and ever among so merrily.*

FAL. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHA. Give master *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*.

DAV. Sweet sir, fit;—I'll be with you anon;—most sweet sir, fit.—Master page, good master page, fit: Proface! [*seating them at another table.*] What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*]

SHA. Be merry, master *Bardolph*;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

SIL. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [*singing.*]
*For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all;—
And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

Be merry, be merry, &c.

FAL. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle. [*now.*]

SIL. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere
Re-enter DAVY.

DAV. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*setting them, and some Wine, upon Bardolph's Table.*]

SHA. *Davy,*—

DAV. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—[*to Bar.*]

A cup of wine, fir?

SIL. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;—

And a merry heart lives long-a.

FAL. Well said, master *Silence*.

SIL. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet
o' the night.

FAL. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*!

[drinks, and fills to *Silence*.

— *SIL.* *Fill the cup, and let it come;* [singing.

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom—

SHA. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome,
my little tiny thief; [to the Page.] and welcome indeed
too.—I'll drink to master *Bardolph*; [fills.] and to all
the cavaleroes about *London*.

DAV. I hope to see *London* once ere I die.

BAR. An I might see you there, *Davy*,—

SHA. You'll crack a quart together, Ha! will you not,
master *Bardolph*?

BAR. Yea, fir, in a pottle pot.

SHA. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee,
I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

BAR. And I'll stick by him, fir.

SHA. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be
merry. [Knocking heard.] Look who's at door there:—
Ho! who knocks? [Exit *DAVY*.

FAL. Why, now you have done me right.

[to *Silence*, seeing him take off a Bumper.

— *SIL.* *Do me right, and dub me knight:* [singing.
Samingo.—Is't not so?

FAL. 'Tis so.

SIL. Is't? why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

DAV. An't please your worship, there's one *Pistol*, come from the court with news.

FAL. From the court? [*rising.*] let him come in. —

Enter PISTOL.

How now, *Pistol*?

PIS. Sir *John*, 'save you, sir!

FAL. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

PIS. Not the ill wind which blows no man good:— Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SIL. By'r-lady, I think, 'a be; but goodman *Puff* of *Barjôn*.

PIS. *Puff*?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —

Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol*, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

FAL. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIS. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of *Africa*, and golden joys.

FAL. O base *Affyrian* knight, what is thy news?
Let king *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

SIL. And *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

PIS. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons*?
And shall good news be baffl'd?

Then, *Pistol*, lay thy head in furies' lap.

SHA. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PIS. Why then, lament therefore.

SHA. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king in some authority.

Pis. Under which king, *Bezonian*? speak, or die.

SHA. Under king *Harry*.

Pis. *Harry* the fourth? or fifth?

SHA. *Harry* the fourth.

Pis. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir *John*, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When *Pistol* lies, do† this; and fig me, like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

FAL. What! is the old king dead?

Pis. As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

FAL. Away, *Bardolph*; saddle my horse.—Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—*Pistol*, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

BAR. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pis. What, I do bring good news?

FAL. Carry master *Silence* to bed.—Master *Shallow*, my lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night;—O sweet *Pistol*!—Away, *Bardolph*. [*Exit BAR.*] Come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good—Boot, boot, master *Shallow*; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; And woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pis. Let vulturs vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led, say they:
 Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days! [*Eæunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Street.

Enter a Beadle, and Others, dragging in the Hostess, and Doll TEAR-SHEET.

Hof. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God, I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bea. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

DoL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hof. O the lord, that sir *John* were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bea. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

DoL. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censor; I will have you as soundly swindg'd for this,—You blew-bottle rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swindg'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles

Bea. Come, come, you the knight-errant; come.

Hof. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hof. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

DOL. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hof. Thou atomy, thou!

DOL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

Bea. Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Westminster. Near the Abbey.

A Plat-form: Spectators on either Side. Enter certain Grooms, firewing Rushes.

1. *G.* More rushes, more rushes.

2. *G.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *G.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt, firewing.*]

Enter, to a Stand, FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, Bardolph, and the Page.

FAL. Stand here by me, master *Shallow*; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PIS. 'Bless thy lungs, good knight!

FAL. Come here, *Pistol*; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor shew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHA. It doth so.

FAL. It shews my earnestness of affection:

SHA. It doth so.

FAL. My devotion.

SHA. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to

29 *Pist.* 31 *Pist.*

deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

SHA. It is most certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

PIS. 'Tis *semper idem*; for, *obſque hoc nihil eſt*: 'tis all in every part.

SHA. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

PIS. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy *Doll*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts,
Is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon;
Hal'd thither

By moſt mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell *Aleſto's* ſnake,
For *Doll* is in; *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

PIS. There roar'd the ſea, and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

Flouriſh of Trumpets, &c.

Enter the King, and Train of Nobles, &c.

*in Proceſſion; the Lord Chief Juſtice
among them.*

FAL. God ſave thy grace, king *Hal*! my royal *Hal*!

PIS. The heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal
imp of fame!

FAL. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

Kin. My lord chief juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. J. Have you your wits? [*to Fal.*] know you what
'tis you ſpeak?

FAL. My king! my *Jove*! I ſpeak to thee, my heart.

Kin. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
 How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane;
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 'Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
[to the Chief Justice.]
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.—
 Set on. [Exeunt King, and his Train.]

FAL. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHA. Ay, marry, sir *John*; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not

you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

SHA. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

SHA. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir *John*.

FAL. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner:—Come, lieutenant *Pistol*;—come, *Bardolph*:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Chief Justice;

Officers with them.

Ch. J. Go carry sir *John Falstaff* to the fleet;

[to the Officers.]

Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. J. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon:—Take them away.

PIS. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[Exeunt FAL. SHA. PIS. Page, Bar. and Officers.]

Pr. J. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd, 'till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. J. And so they are.

Pr. J. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. J. He hath.

Pr. J. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as *France*: I heard a bird so sing;
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

*EPILOGUE; spoken by
a Dancer.*

First, my fear; then, my curt'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my curt'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) prove mine own marring:—But to the purpose, and so to the venture.

Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better: I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you my gentle creditors lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt: But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not

agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir *John* in it, and make you merry with fair *Catherine of France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falstaff* shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* dy'd a martyr,—but this is not the man.

My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.





